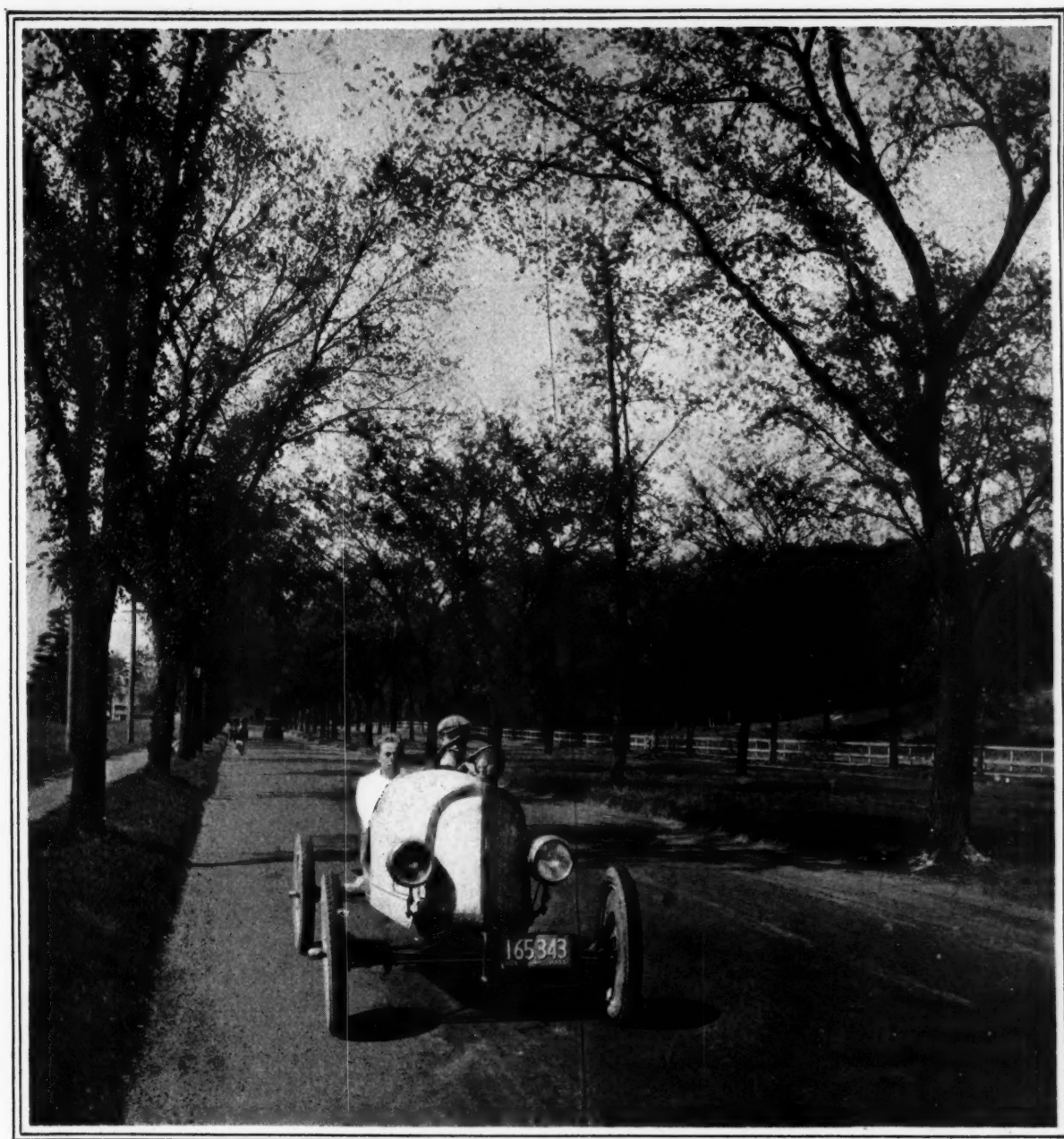


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

JULY 1



Photograph by Harry Irving Shumway

CINDERELLA TAKES THE ROAD

The YC Lab car on the highway near Quincy, Mass.

In this Issue •• Stories by Jonathan Brooks, C. A. Stephens, Samuel Merwin
and Gardner Hunting •• Golf for Young Players, Chapter VI, by Glenna Collett

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Miscellany



Training Day

Our brave militia mustered, rank and file,
With colors proud and bayonets bright and keen.
The bugles blew, the cannon thundered while
They marched and countermarched across the green.

Arthur Guiterman

VOICES THAT PREVAIL

THOSE voices prevailed when Jesus was condemned to death?

The voices that represented established government and organized religion prevailed. Both of these forms of institution were ordained of God, and each was established in the interests of justice and righteousness. When the supreme test came, both broke down. The voices of the chief priests were clamorous for the crucifixion of Jesus, and the voice of the supreme representative of imperial Rome gave sentence for injustice and furnished the oldest creed of Christendom a name of lasting ignominy: "He suffered under Pontius Pilate."

But that was not the worst of it. The voices of the people prevailed. It is sadly possible to fool enough of the people enough of the time to bring sad results in the life of the world. Some voices were not heard. The voices of those whom Jesus had healed and made to see and raised to new life and hope were not called for in Pilate's judgment hall. Those who were heard as representatives of the people were insistent with loud voices demanding the release of Barabbas and the crucifixion of Jesus. Jesus was condemned by popular vote. To the pertinent inquiry, "Why, what evil hath He done?" they ventured no reply; but they insisted that He be crucified, and their voices prevailed.

A sad case can be made out against government, political and ecclesiastical, when we consider the trial of Jesus. And what is worse, the case stands no better for democracy. Not always, surely, is the voice of the people the voice of God.

And yet it is to those very same tests the question is submitted on appeal. The narrative does not close with a story of the eternal doom of the world and of the confession of the failure of mankind, even in the face of so palpable a miscarriage of justice. We might expect some word to the effect that the crucifixion of Jesus was the last insult that God would endure at the hands of men. That is not the way the story reads. As one that should "appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober" the appeal of God is from the mad judgment of that sad hour to the enlightened conscience of humanity

sitting in judgment on itself. It is an appeal to the honor and justice of men who have once betrayed their trust.

Is that a safe experiment? Can humanity be trusted to right its own wrongs? Can it establish and maintain a righteous state and a pure and loyal church? Can it be trusted to elevate its own masses of population till the people rule in righteousness, and democracy ceases to be a disgrace?

The answer of the New Testament appears to be that God has enough confidence in humanity to face the experiment undismayed. The voices of reason and justice and honor shall finally prevail in church and state and in the life of the people.

A STRIKE BULLETIN

TIMES have changed. A general strike, serious and menacing in our complex civilization, could be treated with good-humored levity by an Englishman of nearly a century ago; although, to be sure, it did not occur in his own country, but across the Channel. Perhaps Theodore Hook was light-minded, but he certainly was not down-hearted when he wrote home punningly from Paris during a strike of "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker" in an era antedating coal problems, railways and steamships:

"The bakers, being ambitious to extend their do-mains, declared a revolution was needed and, though not exactly bred up to arms, soon reduced their crusty masters to terms. The tailors called a council of the board to see what measures should be taken and, looking on the bakers as the flower of chivalry, decided to follow suit; the consequence of which was that a cereous insurrection was lighted up among the candle-makers, which, however wick-ed it might appear to some persons, developed traits not unworthy of ancient Greece!"

MUSSULMAN MERIKANS

WHEN Mr. Vincent Sheean, on his way to the Rif to interview Abd-el-Krim, was captured by the Metalsa, an Arab tribe, he had much difficulty in establishing his status as a neutral and harmless American. To begin with, they did not believe in the existence of America. "Are you French?" he was asked. "No." "Are you Spanish?" "No. I am American." "Merikan? Merikan? What is that?" The Caid thought a brazen attempt was being made to deceive him, until it was explained that Americans are like the English, only in a separate country—like the Arabs of Algeria, and the Arabs of Morocco.

A sigh of relief went round the circle and they all murmured "Glinzi" [English] with evident satisfaction. But before he was released Mr. Sheean had won respect for his native country in an amusing and unexpected way. He could not eat the Metalsa cooks' sickening preparation of goat flesh drowned in crude olive oil and to avoid offense explained that in his home tribe meat-eating was not permitted. In Islam vegetarianism is associated only with the asceticism of holiness, and he was immediately assured that the tribe of the Merikan, being so ascetic, must be infinitely better than the other outlander tribes. When in addition, the Metalsa were told about prohibition, they became certain, in spite of assurance to the contrary, that the Merikans could not be Christians like the Spanish, French and English, who all drank wine, but, however far and foreign, must be another branch of Mussulmans, like themselves, to whom it is forbidden!

THE KITCHEN GOD OF CHINA

THE Chinese have a festival of some kind almost every month. One of the most important, says China, is that of the kitchen god, which takes place on the twenty-third day of the twelfth month of the year. Then all the family congregate in the kitchen to do honor to the kitchen god, whose image is pasted on the chimney, for that night he is supposed to go to heaven to report on the conduct of the members of the household during the last year.

To show that he must report only their sweetness, the head of the family smears the lips of the image with molasses! After this they burn the image with great ceremony, and it is believed that the god ascends with the smoke.

A week later the family again assemble to welcome his return. Amid great rejoicing and the popping of many firecrackers they put up a new image.

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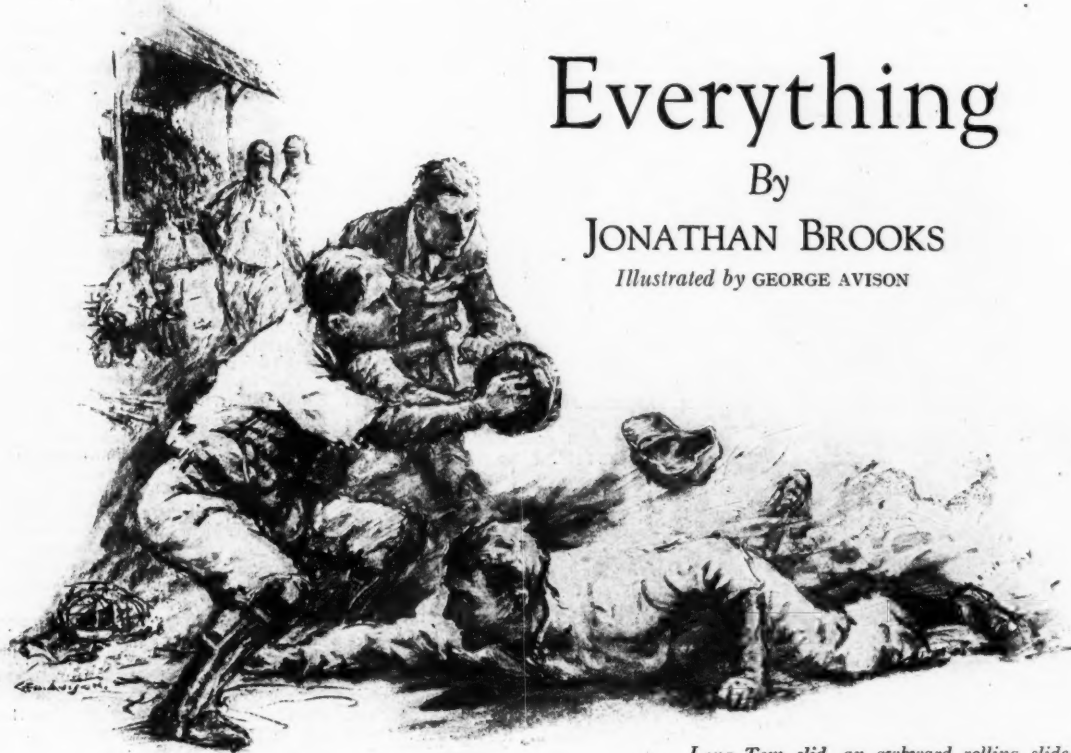
NUMBER 26

Everything

By

JONATHAN BROOKS

Illustrated by GEORGE AVISON



Long Tom slid, an awkward rolling slide, and scored the second run

"GIVE 'em everything you've got," demanded Sandy McGee, trainer of the athletic teams at Lockerbie Hall, military school for boys. In the dressing-room at the gymnasium Sandy, pinch hitting for Lieutenant Coleman, regular coach of the baseball team, was addressing Captain Jimmy Byers and his squad. Somewhat short on baseball, but long on enthusiasm, Sandy had led the team through a rather disastrous season. Now, with the last game to be played against Lockerbie's old rival, Norwood, Sandy was pleading with the team to do its utmost to win.

"Give 'em everything you've got," he begged. "And if you haven't got everything, why, give 'em everything you *have* got, see?"

An impetuous little Irishman, Sandy looked about him with fire in his eye. He hoped, by his words, to work the boys into a pitch of excitement that would carry them through to victory. But he was disappointed. Several of the players wore expressions of determination, but while he was scanning their faces hurriedly he heard a chuckle. Somebody laughed.

"What's that?" he snapped, quickly, looking at big Les Moore, the catcher.

"I was just laughing," said Les, apologetically. "Couldn't help it, Sandy, honest."

"What about?"

"Well, if we haven't got everything, we give 'em everything, anyhow," grinned Les. "That's a good one, Sandy."

"Yes, if we haven't got anything, give 'em anything we *have* got," chimed in Billy Armstrong, lanky first baseman. Some of the boys laughed, and poor Sandy McGee turned red in embarrassment.

"That's exactly what I meant," he began. "Sandy," spoke up Jimmy Byers, rising from the bench on which he had been lacing his shoes, "let me speak this piece."

Jimmy, a medium-sized boy weighing about one hundred sixty pounds, with clear blue eyes and a strong, firm chin, stood up and faced first the trainer and coach, and then the squad of youngsters ranged around the dressing room. Determination written in his expression caused Sandy McGee to yield to him. With a nod, Sandy signaled him to take the floor.

"Fellows," said Jimmy, "I ought not to butt in on Sandy when he has something to say, but he is right. We must give Norwood everything we've got; and if that isn't every-

thing, why we must still give them all we have. Got to play the string out, see? If you fellows were as hot about winning this game as Sandy is, instead of feeling like laughing at the way he tells us to fight, we'd win in a walk.

"Les, and you too, Billy,"—he turned to the pair of taller, bigger boys,—"I'll see you after the game about this laughing matter—even if you, Les, are my bunkie and Billy is a pal of mine. You've got a lot of crust, the pair of you. No, wait a minute; that's all on *that* subject, but there is something else I want to say to the whole bunch."

He paused and, after looking intently at Moore and Billy Armstrong, both of whom flushed, swept a glance about the group.

"You fellows elected me captain of this team," he resumed, after a moment, "and as captain I want to talk a minute. We've made a mess of this season. We've played eight games and lost five of them. We lost two games because we did not fight to the limit against better teams; and we lost one when we were the better team, because we did not fight it out. Now then, this is my last game. It is Les Moore's last, and Billy's last, and Tom Willoughby's last—for Lockerbie. Tom's going to pitch this game, and Les will catch, as usual. Billy will be on first base, and I'll be on third. We've got to win this game. I know Norwood licked us, eight to two, at Norwood last month, but that makes no difference. We've got to win," Jimmy declared, aggressively. "I for one am not going away from old Lockerbie, to remember my last game as a loss. My last fight is *not* going to be a licking. How about it, you seniors?"

"Atta boy, Jimmy," exclaimed Les, Billy and long Tom Willoughby in chorus.

"And you other fellows?" demanded Jimmy.

"With you, old man," yelled the rest of the squad.

"All right," said Jimmy. "Let's go get 'em. We haven't had our regular coach, but Sandy has helped us. We've got a good lineup, now, and Norwood will expect to lick us easily because we fell down on their diamond. They will not expect the fight we can carry to 'em, so that we can surprise 'em and win. But we've got to fight, and Sandy was right. Give 'em everything we've got; and if we haven't got everything, give 'em everything we *have* got. C'mon, let's go!"

"We can take these babies," exclaimed Les Moore. "Tom, you lay that old leather

right in my mitt with all you can put on it, and they won't get a hit until next Easter!"

HE grasped Willoughby by the arm and swept him in behind Jimmy, leading the way out of the gym toward the baseball field. Billy Armstrong, busily engaged in rubbing a drop of oil into his flat first baseman's mitt, followed with the rest. The team fairly surged upon the field and worked out with a zest that carried foreboding to the Norwood squad. Fielding practice went through with a snap, and when the team's regulars came in for hitting practice every man cut and smashed at the ball as if it were his mortal enemy seeking to destroy him. Smithson, a little left-handed youngster, pitched for batting practice.

"They'll use Morton, their left-hander, against us," said Jimmy to Sandy McGee on the bench while Norwood worked out. "He's their best bet, and they're anxious to win and take down the championship. We couldn't hit him the first time, because we hadn't looked at any left-handed pitching, but all the work we've had against Smithson will help us. See if it doesn't."

"Ought to help," agreed Sandy. "And say, Jimmy, listen. You take charge of the team for this game. I'll be right here on the bench, all the time, if you want me for anything, but you run the team. It's your game, see?"

"Signals?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes, and everything else," said Sandy.

"Well, all right; I'm game," Jimmy replied. "But nothing will come up. If anything does, we'll talk it over."

Norwood finished preliminary practice, and the umpire walked out on the field to call the game. Jimmy motioned the Lockerbie players to the bench.

"All right, gang," he said when they had gathered round him. "Sandy has asked me to run the team for this game. We'll do what he says: give 'em everything we've got, and if we haven't got everything we'll give 'em everything we *have* got. Winning this game won't get us anywhere in the Inter-mountain League. But it will keep Les and Tom and Billy and yours truly from quitting as losers at Lockerbie, and it will help us remember there are still some winners here when we've gone. Let's go!"

While the game is getting under way, the umpire dusting off the plate, Tom Willoughby working out his wide side-arm delivery, and the Lockerbie infield throwing a ball

about it may be well to pause a moment. Jimmy's words have told what the last game means to the school boy. His yearning to quit with a victory is understandable. Every boy in Lockerbie is at the game to root for the seniors and the school. Friends coming early for commencement the next week are on hand in numbers. A large delegation from Norwood, some miles up the valley, has come down to root for the Norwood nine. It is the typical last game, with a championship team faced by a weaker, less skillful but more determined line-up.

Jimmy's willingness to accept Sandy McGee's order that he take charge of the team is easy to understand. After a poor season under his captaincy, partly because of lack of coaching, the team can do no worse under Jimmy than it would under Sandy, admittedly not a student of baseball. Sandy prefers to trust the game to Jimmy's determination and resourcefulness, and Jimmy takes orders. He is that kind of a soldier.

But he is a poor prophet. He tells Sandy he will give the signals and run the team, consulting Sandy if anything out of the ordinary occurs. But nothing can happen, according to Jimmy. In that opinion he is wrong, and it is to show that he was wrong that this story is written—also to prove that Sandy's policy of giving everything, even to that which you have not, is the paying policy.

"Play ball! Batter up!" called the umpire. With Lockerbie in the field, Tom Willoughby started the game, pitching like a major-leaguer. His side-arm delivery puzzled the Norwood hitters, who could not fathom the ball coming at them from an angle with great speed. Almost unconsciously they pulled back from the plate, thinking each ball would hit them. In the first inning he walked a man, but after the next hitter accomplished a sacrifice he got the next two for infield outs. Norwood, though puzzled by the side-arm pitching, took the field in confident mood.

"Till further orders, everybody hit the first good ball," said Jimmy, as Lockerbie went to bat. "They won't expect us to attack that way."

Little Shorty Wentworth, second baseman, and lead-off man, went up to hit and promptly smacked the first ball for a line drive over second base. Jimmy Byers, hitting as sacrifice man in second place, bunted on the first ball served him. He succeeded in pulling the ball down the third-base line, so that the third baseman would have to field it, and then by sprinting beat the throw to first. Meantime little Wentworth, arms and legs fanning the air like a windmill, whirled into third base. The crowd roared applause.

Les Moore, husky catcher, faced the Norwood pitcher, who once more grooved the first ball. Les took a toe hold and swung with all his might, driving the ball far into center field, but the center fielder, playing deep, had no trouble in making a catch. He could not get the ball home in time to cut off Wentworth, however, and the little chap slid over the plate with the first run of the game.

Jimmy wisely held his place on first base and signaled Billy Armstrong, a left-handed hitter, to wait out the Norwood pitcher. Morton, pitching with greater speed than usual because he was angry at the successful attack on his delivery, wasted the first ball. Then he wasted a second. Billy refused to swing at the third, a strike, and finally walked. But the next two Lockerbie hitters could not advance Jimmy and Billy. Morton's fast ball was too much for them.

"We're out in front, gang," yelled Jimmy, as the team lined up afield. "Let's stay there. C'mon, Tom, old boy, let's go."

Fired with enthusiasm, Willoughby cut loose with all he had and, backed by some fiery fielding, retired Norwood hitters in order. Once more Lockerbie went to the attack. Willoughby, a good hitter for a pitcher, pounded the first ball for a long two-bagger to left center. The next man fanned, and another lined to the first baseman. But little Shorty Wentworth beat out a hit to the second baseman, and long Tom Willoughby took third. This brought up Jimmy Byers again, and the doughty captain determined to fool the Norwood infield, expecting him to hit with two men down and two on base, by bunting. He therefore laid another bunt down the third-base line, and long Tom

Willoughby rushed for home alongside the surprised third baseman, scrambling for the ball.

To beat the toss to the plate, long Tom slid, an awkward, rolling slide, and scored the second run. Wentworth, seeing the third baseman drawn in again, once more sprinted for third, and Jimmy hustled for second. The Norwood catcher hastily shot the ball to third base, but he threw over the head of the shortstop, hurrying to take the throw, and Wentworth likewise scored. Three runs. Jimmy took third, where he died when Les Moore, trying to kill the ball, fanned.

The Lockerbie fans clamored applause at their team's unexpected attacking strength, and Jimmy's bunch patted one another on the back. As they took the field, Jimmy ran over to speak to long Tom Willoughby and then noticed with dismay that the rally was likely to prove costly: Long Tom was limping badly as he came out to the box.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked Jimmy. "Turned my ankle sliding home," muttered Willoughby. "Can't seem to get it straightened out."

"Hurt?" queried Jimmy.

"Yes, but I'll be all right in a little bit," growled the tall boy.

But Jimmy noticed that he gritted his teeth in pain as he spoke. "Tough luck, but maybe it will straighten out," he said. "Let's hold 'em now, with this three-run lead."

It was his left ankle that Tom had turned, and he soon found it made a world of difference in his pitching. The first ball he pitched to a Norwood hitter told him that it hurt to throw his weight on the left foot as he followed through on his delivery.

Tom eased up on the next delivery and grooved what would have been a perfect strike had not the hitter smashed the ball. He drove it right back to Tom on a line, so hard that the lanky pitcher could not get out of the way. He put out his right hand. By some freak of fortune, this hurried stab at the ball gave him a catch. But a stroke of misfortune attended the lucky putout. The ball split his hand between the first and second fingers and bruised his whole palm.

THE end of the inning found Norwood with three runs, and the game tied. Only a fast and lucky double play, started by Jimmy after taking a grounder down the foul line, ended the session. Long Tom, though striving gamely, could not pitch any more! Disregarding the disaster, Jimmy hurried Tom off the field and delivered him over to Sandy McGee for first aid.

"Smithy," he called to Smithson, the little left-hander, "will you warm up?"

Then, while Sandy McGee wound a strip of tape around Tom's hand and hurriedly bound the tall fellow's ankle, he called Les Moore and Billy Armstrong into a council of war on the bench.

"Can't use Tom any longer," he announced. "Poor boy's foot is half killing him, and he's split his hand. Now then—"

"They'll murder Smithy," muttered Billy.

"Won't get a chance," said Jimmy, crisply. "Not till they've murdered another guy, anyhow. Here's my scheme—listen. Billy, you go out and pitch—"

"Haven't pitched an inning this year."

"Never mind. We can't trust Smithy because he's green, and because they're used to left-handed pitching," argued Jimmy. "They'd hit him all over the works. You go in there, and use nothing but a fast straight ball, high overhand, see? That's your best ball. Keep it coming down from away up in the air. They've been watching Tom's side-arm ball, and they'll think this overhand ball of yours is dropping on 'em out of the clouds, see? And we'll put Tom on first base."

"Got to get some more runs," agreed Les Moore, "and if Tom drops out we lose a hitter. Boy, he smacked 'at old apple awhile ago."

"What d'you say, Billy?" insisted Jimmy.

"Well, all right," said Billy. "Maybe I can find the plate, and I'll put on all the steam I can."

"You lay the ball right where I want it," Les declared, "and we'll hold 'em."

"Atta boy," exclaimed Jimmy. "Fast ball, overhand. They've been ducking Tom's fork ball, and they're now sizing up Smithy. We'll surprise 'em."

Tom Willoughby willingly agreed to shift to first base, replacing Billy, and Sandy McGee approved the switch. Jimmy asked him to explain the move to Smithson and request Smithson to keep himself warmed up for a hurry call to the box. The inning ended, Lockerbie took the field with the revised line-up.

Billy Armstrong ambled into the box, while Tom hobbled to first base, and the crowd gasped in surprise.

Jimmy's strategy worked. Billy Armstrong stood six feet one inch tall, and he had long arms. The pitcher's box on the Lockerbie diamond was elevated somewhat. When Billy whipped the ball down to the plate with his high overhand delivery, the Norwood hitters could not fathom it.

Billy was somewhat wild, but he had enough control to keep out of trouble through the fourth inning. In the fifth, Norwood began to grow anxious, impatient of



"Play ball! Batter up!" called the umpire. Tom Willoughby started the game, pitching like a major-leaguer

the tied score with a despised team. Norwood hitters began swinging, but swung late because they underestimated Billy's speed. In the sixth, they timed better, but swung over the ball, unable to gauge its angle.

In the seventh Billy grew tired. His arm was not ready for the strenuous strain of pitching. Jimmy and Les Moore took turns trotting out to remind him to get his arm up high for the overhand delivery. Norwood got two hits in this round, but Billy managed to get a third out on strikes and saved the situation.

Meantime, inning after inning, Lockerbie went to the attack and was turned back. Morton, the Norwood left-hander, was pitching a beautiful game, mixing speed with wide, sharp-breaking curves. Lockerbie and Norwood rooters alike revelled in a struggle that would have done credit to professionals, and the score remained a tie. But in the eighth, both the tie and the strain were broken.

"Get your arm up there, Billy," whispered Jimmy, as he walked out to the field beside the tall chap. "Keep that old ball coming down on 'em like a parachute that won't open. Only two more innings."

But Billy was tired and his speed was fading. Moreover, the Norwood hitters had found he used only a straight ball. The first hitter stood up and swung. Result, a single to right. The second, a left-handed batter, pulled a bunt down the first base line which the crippled Tom Willoughby could not reach. Two on.

Jimmy and Les called a conference at the box and urged Billy to tighten up.

"Give y'all I got," muttered Billy. "Old arm's like a ton of lead."

He succeeded in fanning the third batter, but the next man cut a hard grounder past Shorty Wentworth for a single, filling the bases. Norwood players and fans went wild with joy and literally turned the field into a riot a moment later when another safe hit off the weary Billy Armstrong drove in two runs. Five to three in favor of Norwood, two on and only one out. While the excitement was at its height, and Lockerbie rooters were giving up all hope, Jimmy asked the umpire for time out and ran over to the bench to consult Sandy McGee. Sandy nodded, and Jimmy trotted back on the diamond, motioning to Les Moore to come out to the box as he did so.

"Billy," he announced to Armstrong, "you take third base. Les, I'm going in to pitch. Maybe we can get 'em out, and then whittle off some runs in time to save this blamed game."

"I'm all in, but what's the big idea, Jimmy?" asked Armstrong. "Why not call in Smithson? You've never pitched any."

"Maybe so, but I've got something that fits in right here," said Jimmy. "Les, I'm going to use an underhand slow ball. They've been looking at a high fast ball until they've got onto it. Now they can look at one coming up out of the cellar. Let's go."

A few loyal Lockerbie rooters cheered the change, but the Norwood crowd jeered. And some of the Lockerbie subs, rallying around young Smithson, wore expressions that bespoke both disappointment and criticism of Jimmy for trying to play an all-star game himself instead of giving Smithy a chance. But Jimmy once more had the answer to the situation.

Partly because he contorted himself in such manner that he really seemed to bring the ball up out of the basement, partly because it was a slow ball following speed, and partly because the Norwood batters were overanxious in their desire to smash out a decisive victory then and there, Jimmy checked the rally. He got the first batter he faced on a short, looping fly down to Shorty Wentworth. And the third out came a second later when a Norwood slugger, trying to kill the ball, hit under it and lofted a skyscraper that came down in Tom Willoughby's mitt. That ended the rally. Lockerbie rooters cheered and called for a similar scoring attack as Norwood, confident the game was won, took the field.

THE tie and the strain were broken in the first half of the eighth, and now, as events proved, it was the turn of the game itself to be broken up.

"They'll be cocky, and maybe careless," said Jimmy, on the bench. "Billy, see if you can crash the first one. Morton will groove it. He's tired, and won't be wasting any."

Billy Armstrong swung at the first ball and connected. The Lockerbie crowd leaped to its feet with a cheer, but the cheer died down as the ball descended into the center-fielder's glove. Jimmy, watching Morton, thought he saw the big left-hander heave a sigh of relief.

"First ball, Dick," he whispered to the next batter, a weak hitter filling in as right fielder. A scratch hit past the Norwood second baseman resulted. Morton chided his second sacker for not fielding the ball.

"First ball," Jimmy whispered again, and the next hitter, a stocky youngster playing second for Lockerbie, smashed a solid single over the shortstop's head. Lockerbie stands went into an uproar.

"Tom, he'll try to work on you—remember that long double you hit," said Jimmy to long Tom Willoughby. "Wait him out, hey?"

Willoughby nodded, and hobbled up to the plate. He watched the first one, a ball. He watched the second, a strike. He looked at the third, a ball. And then, as the next came speeding up to him he braced and swung with all his might. Crash, and the leather was traveling back, faster and higher than it had come in. With his crippled ankle hampering him, long Tom could only reach second base, but he had driven in two runs, and the score was tied up again. Disgruntled, Morton walked the next hitter, and then the Norwood infield drew in somewhat.

Noting the move, Jimmy turned quickly to Sandy McGee.

"Sandy, they'll try for a double play, when we've got the winning run on second base. Listen, will you back me up?"

"Sure," said Sandy.

"Here, kid," said Jimmy to the ninth man in the batting order. "Will you do something for me? For Lockerbie?"

"What?" said the hitter, the weakest batter on the team.

"I want you to go up there and deliberately strike out," ordered Jimmy. "Don't touch the ball, see?"

"That's a dickens of a thing, with two on—got to win this game."

"Sure thing, I know, but you do that, kid."

"Whiff, son," spoke up Sandy, beginning to get a glimmering of Jimmy's idea. The boy went up to the plate and, per orders, struck aimlessly at three successive balls.

"Now then, Shorty," called Jimmy to Wentworth, "it's up to you. Wait till I get Smithson down on second to run for Tom."

He hastily dispatched the wondering Smithy to replace crippled Tom Willoughby on the baselines, and then turned to Sandy. "I'd rather put it up to Shorty, with two out, than take a chance on a double play with this other boy up and only one down," he said.

"I get you," Sandy replied. "May prove a smart play."

Shorty Wentworth, with the crowd demanding a hit, waited Morton to the end of the string, refusing to hit at bad balls, and taking two strikes without moving his bat. But with the count two and three, and a groover coming up, he swung. He drove a hard grounder to the shortstop, but so far to the right and so deep beyond the baseline that the shortstop could not make a play for him at first, or get either Smithson at third or the man at second.

"Gosh, I thought it was going to work," groaned Jimmy. "Three inches more and Shorty's hit would have gone through, and we'd have that old lead back again."

"You can bring 'em in," urged Sandy McGee. "Go up and crash it."

Grasping his bat, Jimmy trudged out to the plate with a determined air. The Norwood infield was playing deep, he noted. They expected him to swing, in an effort to drive in one run or more, and they were far back, laying for a hit. He had bunted twice, successfully, and this was no place for a bunt, Jimmy thought as he watched Morton's first effort, a ball, swish past him. One run would—suddenly resolute, he stepped out of the box, looked at Smithson on the third baseline, and at Billy Armstrong, coaching. He signaled for the squeeze play.

Then he stepped back into the box, shouldered his bat, and spread himself out as if he intended trying to hit a home run. Morton received his catcher's signal, hastily glanced at the runners, and then swung into action with a fast ball. Jimmy quickly shifted his feet, drew down his bat, and tapped the ball for a slow roller toward third base, catching the infielders and Morton himself flat-footed. But not young Smithson, who came sprinting over the plate with a run—the winning run, for only one other thing happened in the game.

With a one-run lead to hold, Jimmy sent Smithson to third base, Armstrong back to first, and he himself essayed to pitch. His underhand slow ball got the first man, and the second, both on pop flies. But the third hitter was the husky Morton, swinging from the left side of the plate. Thoroughly disgusted at seeing the game twice snatched out of his fist, Morton wanted to knock the cover off the ball, but he was canny enough to take things easy. He watched two of Jimmy's underhand cellar balls, and then he leaned against one with a smash that sent it far into left center. When the ball came back to the infield Morton was laughing on third base.

In this crisis, with the tying run only a few steps from home, Jimmy watched the Norwood bench. In a moment the hitter appeared but he was not a member of the regular batting order. Jimmy eyed him until he was in the batter's box, standing on the left-hand side. Then Jimmy promptly signaled the umpire for time out, and motioned Smithson to take the box.

"He's all yours, Smithy," he whispered to Smithson as the little southpaw took the ball. Over at third base, where the husky Morton was grinning at him in sarcasm, Jimmy grinned back, and said, "There are several people I can't pitch to, and most of them are left-handed hitters."

As he spoke, Smithson wound up and shot a strike at the pinch-hitter, who swung mightily but merely topped the ball for an easy bouncer down to Smithy, who tossed it to Billy Armstrong for the third out, and the game. Lockerbie had won, and Lockerbie rooters carried Jimmy Byers and three other Lockerbie seniors off the field on their shoulders.

Back in the dressing-room again, the baseball squad was uproarious.

"He even ordered me to fan, there in the eighth," yelled the martyr hitter.

"Used a first baseman with a high ball," laughed Les Moore.

"And a third sacker with a low ball," added Billy Armstrong.

"Used a left-hander with an in-shoot," chimed in Smithson.

"Yes, but what he used most was that old head," shouted long Tom Willoughby.

"Say, you men, listen," said Jimmy Byers, flushing. "I want you to watch two big fish apologize to Sandy McGee for laughing at him when he said—"

"Give 'em everything you got," yelled Les Moore, falling on Sandy's neck.

"And if you haven't got everything, give 'em everything you have got," said Billy Armstrong, grasping one of Sandy's hands.

"The idea is this," growled Sandy, when he could free himself from the rough apologizers. "If you spread everything you have got around enough, you can make it look like everything, and make the other fellow fall for it and like it."

DAN CORYELL, locomotive fireman, had once won the notice of Division Superintendent Gray by frustrating the designs of a gang of train robbers. He had knocked the bandit guard off the engine with his coal scoop, and then No. 32 with big Ben Balch at her throttle had pulled the train away to safety. Dan had acted as much out of love for Big Ben as from any other motive, and the engineer understood it. So it was quite natural that the two should afterward become very good friends.

When Dan "got his engine" at the end of his term of firing, however, he was a little disappointed to find that, despite his conspicuous service to the road and despite Gray's promise to remember him, he was assigned to the regular yard work with only little old No. 12 under his charge. Big Ben also was disappointed that his protégé should not be given the local freight at once; but he said nothing until he saw that Dan's disappointment was cutting deeply. Then he spoke to the boy.

"I don't know but I'm to blame for raisin' your hopes, Dan," he said one night when Dan climbed up into No. 32's cab. "I did think they'd do something extra for you, but they haven't; so there you are."

"It makes a fellow feel as though he didn't care much whether his work's all right or not though," replied Dan.

Big Ben looked at him quickly. "Oh, don't you get into that strain. Your work must be all right, or you won't go any farther. Besides, you know, it's just possible Mr. Gray might think knockin' a train robber off No. 32 wouldn't necessarily make an engineer of you."

Dan smiled in spite of himself.

"Now I think you could handle the local freight, but maybe Gray don't; and he ain't takin' any chances. He doesn't know you as well as I do. Besides, he may also think it'd make some of the other boys sore to see you take such a jump."

Ben paused to note the effect of his words. "Now, whatever you do," he continued after a moment, "don't let any sore spots grow on you because you don't get special favors. You've got an engine, and now it's up to you to show what you can do with her."

"I've always worked hard," said Dan slowly. "I thought Mr. Gray would know that, too."

"Well, like enough he does, but you've never shown what you can do with an engine. Look here, youngster," continued Ben, turning on him sharply, "knockin' out the holdup man didn't get you a run; you can be sure that kickin' ain't agoin' to either. Now go back and work and learn how to be an engineer. That's the only thing that will ever get you to the job you want. I didn't suppose you was gettin' the swelled coconut over this, but now it seems likely enough Mr. Gray got on to the fact before I did."

Big Ben turned away with this shot and took down his oil can, and Dan with his friend's sharp words in his ears dropped down to the ground and went away in the darkness, angry and disappointed.

That was during the first week of Dan's work on No. 12. During the next week he was too full of his disappointment to reason fairly, and his pride and resentment kept him from going to see Ben. He was quite miserable and conscious that he was nursing an unreasonable feeling.

"Did you think I wasn't coming back?" asked Dan, swinging himself up by the hand-hold.

"No," said Ben, grinning. "I know you aren't a fool."

Dan laughed and told all about his uncomfortable week, and felt better. Ben's only comment was a quizzical little half-smile.

Then came a long summer of work, hard work, for Dan. He had made up his mind never to merit such a rebuke from Big Ben again, and there were no more complaints. Balch smiled his quizzical little smile more than once that summer as he noted the boy's progress, but it approached a laugh one afternoon when he overheard a remark dropped by Superintendent Gray to the yardmaster after the two had been watching Dan's work. All that summer he had encouraged Dan's nightly visits to No. 32's cab, and he had painstakingly taught him all the engine lore he knew.

But as the autumn drew on and the cold nights came Dan's ardour began to cool also. It is easy to work hard under the impulse of a new enthusiasm with the hope of prompt appreciation as a motive, but to sustain the effort when there is no sign that your endeavor is even noticed, that is hard. Dan found it so.

The Record Run

By GARDNER HUNTING

Illustrated by
RODNEY THOMSON



"Hurt, Ben?" Dan cried. The hand hung loose, bereft of the power which made his skill efficient

Ben's watchful eye grew anxious again. "Brace up, Dan," he said one night without preliminary. "It's a long lane that has no turning."

There was much heavy traffic over the road that autumn, and the force in the Brighton yards was small for the extra work; so the young engineer's labors were rather hard. Long hours during the regular work-day and then frequently a considerable addition of overtime in the frosty evenings gave the young fellow little chance for thought of anything but his engine. The one satisfaction it all brought him lay in the knowledge that he was becoming skillful in his craft and making himself fit for promotion.

In the early days of winter certain high officials of the system of which Dan's road

was a part found it necessary to make a flying trip across the continent; and for reasons not wholly obscure it was decided to make the long run at a pace sufficiently astonishing to be talked about. With the energy and foresight characteristic of American railway men, preparations were made with care. The best equipment, the best men, the best conditions were chosen with admirable judgment; the most careful and complete arrangements were made without stint of expense, and all sorts of contingencies were provided against

that this might be one of the fastest transcontinental runs ever made. A train was to leave a great Eastern city with the right of way straight through, and to make a run, unbroken, save by the necessary changes of engines and crews, in the shortest possible time in days, hours, minutes and seconds.

That Big Ben Balch, as one of the oldest and most trustworthy engineers of his road, should have been chosen by his superiors to pilot "the flyer" over their share of the route was not remarkable; and that No. 32, which daily accomplished one of the swiftest regular trips in the West, should have been picked as his steed was equally natural.

This was not only a high honor; it put upon the shoulders of the lucky engineer a tremendous responsibility to maintain the reputation of the company.

BIG BEN was not too old to be proud that night when, at midnight, he backed his engine up to couple to the special in place of the Eastern locomotive which had just completed her half of the first stage of the journey. His run was to be one of the swiftest of the series, over the flat Middle West, beginning a hundred and thirty miles east of Brighton and ending a hundred and fifty miles west.

But one thing annoyed him. An order had just been handed up to him requiring an extra

stop at the junction just outside Brighton to take on board a distinguished guest of the road, who had been unable to join the party earlier. A special car was to be run down from a branch line to bring this important personage, and a momentary pause of the speeding train was required to allow him to become a passenger.

Meanwhile Dan Coryell was also scowling over a similar bit of white tissue which was keeping him out of his bed after an unusually hard day's work, and which he knew would be the cause of his losing most of his night's sleep, for No. 12 and Dan were to pull the belated official's car down to Brighton junction to meet the flyer.

Dan's eyes were drooping with weariness when the distant roar of the special first reached him, but he was wide-awake enough when the brilliant headlight crept into view far down the line, and he forgot his temper and his heart swelled with pride in the magnificent engine as she swept up beside him.

Dan leaned out of his cab window to catch a glimpse of Big Ben. The instant the special came to a standstill the boy saw Balch swing down from his cab and run forward, oiler in hand, touching a bearing here and there with his bare hand to discover any undue heating. Only a second of this, and then Big Ben turned back toward his cab. Dan leaned far out to wave his hand, but just at that instant he saw Ben suddenly slip, throw up his arms and fall heavily to the ground. In a moment the boy was out of his cab and on the hard gravel embankment at Ben's side.

"Hurt, Ben?" he cried.

The big man rose slowly to his knees. He seemed dizzy or in pain. Then Dan saw that the oil can had dropped from his right hand and that the big fingers seemed to hang limp and nerveless. Ben looked down at his hand. There was no doubt about it—the wrist was broken or dislocated; the hand hung useless, bereft of the power which made his skill efficient.

Realization of the situation was not slow in coming to both, but neither had time to speak before two men came running up from the train, and in the light of Ben's own flaming torch he recognized Division Superintendent Gray and the conductor.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Gray sharply.

"Broken wrist," replied Ben gravely, rising slowly to his feet and looking up at his engine. "I slipped on the ice there."

No one on the road had ever seen Superintendent Gray lose wit or nerve, but at Ben's prompt and laconic response he seemed for a moment to have lost the power to move. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation and turned off into the darkness. One second he stood while the others read his thoughts in his swiftly changing expression. Then he spoke.

"Ben! It's too bad. Get into that car, and No. 12 will take you to Brighton." He paused an instant, then suddenly seemed to see Dan for the first time. "Hey!" he exclaimed, seizing him by the arm. He stopped again, his eyes searching Dan's grimy face.

No one moved for an instant, and Dan stood startled and amazed. But Mr. Gray turned to Balch with a question in his eyes.

"He can do it, Mr. Gray. I can't, and there isn't another man within half an hour of here who can."

Dan straightened up as though under an electric shock.

"I believe it," snapped the superintendent suddenly. "Coryell," he said, "there's nothing else for it. Have you got the nerve?"

DAN'S blood seemed to grow hot in his veins. His head throbbed. He stared at the superintendent while his brain whirled. Do it? Could he do it? Did he not know 32 from pilot to tailpiece, from dome-cap to ash-pan? Was he not familiar with her ways and with the road up and down which he had fired her through a long apprenticeship? He looked at Ben. The big fellow was still grinning, and now he nodded vigorously.

"Yes," Dan said simply, "I can."

Mr. Gray's hand gripped the boy's arm tight. "Young man," he said, "I know you. I've got the faith in you. It'll mean a passenger run for you if you do the trick."

Dan picked up Ben's oil can and took his torch. He smiled up at his friend. Then he mounted to No. 32's high deck and slipped up on the engineer's lofty perch, his left hand gripped the shining throttle and his right rested on the brake-valve. He looked out and nodded to Ben once more and then caught the signal and pulled the throttle.

No. 32 started slowly, steadily, strongly.



All that summer Ben painstakingly taught Dan all the engine lore he knew

With hard, sharp exhausts, she woke the echoes far and wide, while her stack sent great round clouds of smoke and curling steam up into the starlit sky. Dan gave her another notch, another and another. She was steaming beautifully, and he knew what he could do.

He knew, he knew! Ben had said so. He could handle her. He could control her. He could drive her at her best gait with a sure hand. A wild exultation filled him, a triumphant sense of power, of knowledge based on the solid, sure foundation of past thoroughness and care in his work. He knew, he knew!

Dan had traveled at high speed before. Many and many a night had he and Ben covered this route together when time was to be made up and when he had gloried in the power of No. 32 to outrun the wind. But never before had his hand been on the throttle, his eye, brain and arm responsible for her performance and her safety.

He squared his shoulders and laughed to himself as he felt her throb and pulse and knew that he held her in leash. He rejoiced

in his own hard muscles and strong nerves, and in the clearness of his vision and of his mind.

The street lights of a sleeping village rose from the blue bank of distance, rushed toward him. In a moment he was sweeping by the quiet streets, over switches and crossings and out into the darkness again. A long bridge loomed ahead, then roared beneath him. A little city was reached and passed. A waiting passenger train in a siding slid by, sending back a rattling echo of No. 32's thunder.

Dan set his teeth. "Straight away now," he muttered, and with watchful eye on his gauges he gave her more and more of the liberty she seemed to demand. She leaped and bounded now. She was skimming the rails as though she were a swallow instead of a machine of tons of steel.

Dan's lips closed tight. "Steady, steady," he whispered, as his heart-beats rose. "You're the master. Keep your head." And then he gave her more and sat rigid on his seat with his eyes on the two shining rails

stretching out ahead, while she seemed to eat up the distance like a greedy starveling.

Dan knew No. 32 had never run so fast before. He knew he was "doing the trick." He thought of the men in the cars behind him and wondered if they realized the wonderful pace. He thought of Mr. Gray sitting, watch in hand, timing him.

Seconds slid into minutes, minutes into half hours, and still the wild speed was maintained. Dan's hands and arms and back were aching, though he was scarcely conscious of it. His mind was tranquil. He was fulfilling Ben's hopes; he was justifying Mr. Gray's trust.

The lights of the great Western city showed against the horizon. They came nearer and nearer. Suburbs were passed. Long lines of freight cars began to hem his path. He cut down his speed, warily watching for the familiar lights ahead.

Through long reaches of quiet streets he went across a labyrinth of tracks, past ingoing and out-running trains, over switches

again. Then, pushing the throttle home, at last into the great train shed he went with No. 32 under thorough control and finally gave her the air and brought her to a hissing stop under the glaring lights of the station. His work was done. He slid down from his perch in utter weariness but with quiet joy in his heart.

Then there was a minute of happiness while Mr. Gray met him and shook his hand and showed a card on which were figures which told a story, amazing even to Dan.

"It's a record run, youngster!" laughed the superintendent. "A record run, and I won't forget."

Dan sent a telegram about it to Ben. When Ben received the telegram in the gray cold dawn at the little hotel at Brighton, he uttered a shout of exultation. "It's Dan!" he cried. "Look at the news!"

"Lucky dog," said one man enviously. "Lucky?" cried Ben. "Well, perhaps. But he couldn't have done the trick if he hadn't known how. He had the goods, I tell you. He had the goods."

DUNGAN and the Du Luth men in the front canoes did not even guess that their grizzled commander had detached eighty fighting men for the trip across the neck of the Long Bend.

Dungan had been working in the van with great cheerfulness all the afternoon. It was not till the fires were made, and some of the men began wondering what had become of the missing comrades, that the sergeant guessed the truth.

He turned pale, and trembled, and then walked slowly down to count the canoes. Ten! About eighty men! A thrill of professional admiration for Courtemanche ran through the other old soldier. Then he stood scratching his nose and seeing with his military eyes a map of the Long Bend and the short passage—not so clearly as Courtemanche had seen it in his vision.

"And yet I am in command of the sentries tonight. It is clear that Courtemanche trusts me still. So he is but taking precautions. Good, Dungan. Nothing is lost. You shall yet have your full share of the beaver."

Guy had been ordered with the middle brigade that day by Courtemanche, and he knew no more than Dungan about the counter trip. He could eat little of the evening meal. His eyes roved about the camp, which was laid out as usual in the form of a long semicircle about the canoes. The men were busy sewing or patching or were whispering in groups. An occasional half-smothered laugh brought a muttered warning from the nearest officer. Overhead the trees rustled gently. The stars were out, and the river slipped by with hardly a sound.

Guy stepped away from the group about the fire, and leaned against a tree. To the right of the camp, on the southwest, the woodland sloped.

Guy heard a step. Hertel was at his elbow. "The Senecas will naturally come down that hill, Hertel," Guy whispered.

"I hope so, M'sieu. Colonel Courtemanche has ordered all the muskets loaded before the men go to sleep."

"Ha! He prepares! But do you know who are to be on guard up there tonight, Hertel?"

"The Du Luth men."

"What! So Dungan's plans are working, eh?"

"I cannot say. What do you suppose has become of the missing canoes, M'sieu?" Old Hertel knew no more of the short passage than did young Guy.

"That's strange! But Courtemanche knows. He has some strategem."

"Oh, for sure," said Hertel with perfect

Runners of the Woods

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

Chapter VI. Attacked by the Senecas



Guy stepped closer. "Drop your musket." Dungan's piece rattled to the ground

confidence in his colonel, "and it is not good for a commander's plans to be known in camp. Blue death—that's what old Courtemanche will give the Senecas."

"Yes, Hertel. But see! The colonel does not suspect the Du Luth men. They will post a guard up there on the hill and let the Senecas"—Guy was speaking in quick, low tones. He pointed up the slope. Hertel gently pushed his arm down.

"Careful, M'sieu, careful."

Guy went on more quietly. "We must watch Dungan tonight, you and I."

"Yes, I understand—to prevent 'him warning the Senecas."

"But the guards. It will be hard to follow him out past the Du Luth men. If Dungan goes out, he will go through his own sentries."

"Yes—and they may shoot us for breaking the guard."

"But we must trap Dungan. I would warn the colonel that I suspect the Du Luth men were it not that I can prove nothing, and he would think me too suspicious. If we trap Dungan going out, Courtemanche will listen to me."

"Just so," said Hertel. "We'll both watch him."

Just after leaving Hertel Guy saw the Du Luth men, a score of them, file up the hill and take to the trees. They were a light-headed, easily handled crew—small wonder that Dungan had turned their heads with his big stories of wealth and ease. Indeed, as Guy's eyes roamed about the camp he wondered how many of the men who were stretched out on every side had sold themselves to Dungan. Few were soldiers. Hardly

a man in all that sleeping army of runners of the woods but could give a sad reason for his wanderings,—a tale of government or military injustice, or of seigniorial oppression,—and many a bronzed, expressionless face covered some long-nursed resentment. At the best they were outlaws, every one; in favor only when, as now, the good Governor could use their strong arms.

The Du Luth men were commanded by a loud-voiced trader named Perrone. Guy supposed that but a handful of them would keep the watches, leaving the rest to sleep.

Guy lay down in the blanket and waited until the camp was still. He lifted his head and rested on an elbow.

A SENTRY leaned against a tree not twenty yards away, gazing into the trees. Guy thought, with a feeling of bitterness, that he was being watched. The night was not dark. Looking over the straggling heaps of sleepers, Guy could see the foam on the river streaming under the hanging trees. The long row of canoes was there, each with its bales of furs piled before it.

Suddenly Guy saw what he had been watching for; the broad figure of Dungan passing up the hill. The youth worked clear of his blanket and paused again to look about. The man next him stirred, rolling his head back on his outstretched arm, the glow of the fire's last embers on his face. Guy looked away and, picking out the most direct course, began wriggling after Dungan. In one place the men lay so close that he brushed their blankets as he crept between them. It seemed a long time before he reached the open ground. And then he saw Hertel near him.

Slowly and suspiciously Dungan moved before them over the top of the hill beyond his sentries, who let him pass unchallenged. They knew him in the moonlight; there was no mistaking Dungan's stout figure.

Once out of hearing of all the sentries Dungan's caution seemed to vanish, and he went forward with so much noise that Guy and Hertel could follow without fear of startling him. When sure they were out of hearing of the camp, Guy advanced close behind him and, bringing his musket to the ready, said:

"Dungan, turn around."

The sergeant wheeled and stood speechless, looking into the musket barrel.

"Where are you going?" asked Guy, in the same low tone. Still there was no reply.

"I can tell you then,"

Guy continued. "You are going to meet the Senecas to warn them that the colonel is ready for them."

The sergeant, still looking at the musket, took a step backward toward a tree.

"Stop. Don't move." Guy stepped closer.

"Drop your musket."

Dungan's piece rattled to the ground. "And your pistols. Now, Dungan, we can talk. At what hour is this massacre to be attempted?"

"M'sieu uses strong words." Dungan spoke slowly to gain time.

"We can't stop now to talk of words. At present I am standing between you and the camp. Suppose we change places. Circle around me slowly, for I shan't trust you. Then you may lead the way back to camp. If you do not obey, I shoot."

The sergeant stood motionless. Guy cocked his musket.

"One moment." Dungan's coolness had returned. "I have been thinking. Of course M'sieu understands that if I chose to walk away now he could not stop me and escape himself."

Guy smiled and settled his fingers about the trigger.

"Ah, yes, M'sieu could shoot. But if M'sieu will look over my shoulder,—since I may not turn around,—he will see three large fir trees against the sky on the highest part of the ridge. There is the rendezvous. It is now time. There are fifty Senecas already within call. They are probably watching us now."

What he said was not improbable, but Guy said, "Waste no more time, Dungan. Pass by me for the camp."

"Yes, for the camp," sneered Dungan. "And how would M'sieu get me to the camp? I have twenty-five good Du Luth men in the path. You could never get me through."

"How is it I am here?"
 "I congratulate M'sieu the bowlegs on his skill in sneaking after a gentlemen."
 "Shoot him," said Hertel angrily.

GUY could see in the dim light the sergeant's smile. Tempted to shoot and yet resolved not to do so, he unconsciously lowered his musket a few inches. Suddenly there was a bound and a scramble, and Dungan was off for the fir trees, dodging and jumping about as he ran.

Guy raised his musket, then lowered it. He let the hammer down and took a few steps forward. But in a moment he stopped. He could not help the cause by running into a Seneca trap. Then, half bewildered, he picked up Dungan's musket and pistols and walked back down the hill with Hertel. In his eagerness to communicate with Courtemanche Guy quite forgot that the Duluth men were on guard.

Suddenly three men jumped at him and hauled him roughly to a small clearing, where Perrone sat on the ground, his back against a tree. Hertel had dodged back into the darkness.

"Well," said Perrone, "what does this mean? What are you doing here?"

"I must tell you about a traitor," Guy began.

"Of course you must," interrupted Perrone. "I am glad of company. Tie him up, boys."

They lashed Guy's hands and feet and laid him out on the ground. Perrone looked at him lazily.

"You are St. Jean, aren't you?"

Guy nodded.

"I know about you. You are rather a clever fellow, I hear." He settled back comfortably against the tree. "Go ahead, and be as entertaining as you like."

Guy lay on his side, looking at Perrone, who was lazily trimming a twig with his long knife. Two men lay on the ground asleep. A few others were moving about among the trees.

"Why don't you talk?" said Perrone at last.

"Would it break the law of this pirate crew to let me rest against a tree? I am not at all comfortable."

Perrone laughed softly. "You're a gay feather, my boy. Here, you." He beckoned to one of the men, who set Guy up at the foot of a pine. "Now, if that is better, let us go on."

"Thank you. Perhaps you can tell me why I am tied like this."

"As an enemy to New France."

Guy laughed. "To the Iroquois, perhaps you mean, M'sieu. What is the hour set for the massacre?"

Perrone's light manner dropped off. "What massacre? What are you talking about?"

"The massacre of Colonel Courtemanche and his men, under the direction of Dungan—and with the connivance of M'sieu Perrone."

"Stop," said Perrone.

"Very well," Guy laughed again. "Perhaps it would not be a pleasant entertainment to hold up M'sieu Perrone's conscience before his eyes."

"You will do well to look after yourself."

"Ah, but M'sieu forgets that I also had this chance. I could not do it. It was risking too much. A traitor brings good pay; but to play one's country false with no return—well, M'sieu, we call such men fools."

"What are you talking about?"

"Perhaps M'sieu expects a share of the furs?"

"There is no reason why I should answer

your loose words, St. Jean; but I will. I am here guarding the camp, by order of Colonel Courtemanche. I have caught you in the act of communicating with the Senecas."

Guy laughed. "That is pretty, but untrue. M'sieu has no authority to hold me a prisoner. His duty, if he suspects me, is to deliver me at once to Colonel Courtemanche and tell his suspicions, so that the camp may be aroused to defend itself."

"No more, St. Jean. I do not need you to explain my duty."

"Perrone," said Guy hotly, "I dare you to take me before your colonel."

Perrone gently rubbed his knife along his sleeve, now and then testing the edge.

"You refuse?" said Guy.

"A prisoner does not usually dictate terms."

"There are different kinds of prisoners, Perrone. You should have captured Dungan as he went out."

"Do you know what you are talking about?"

"Very well, M'sieu. But if it puzzles you, I will explain."

But at that moment a wild tumult of shooting, shouting and Indian yelling began.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

SNEEFUS founded a monarchy of his own, far up in the Maine woods. He had seen all he ever wanted to see of the human race—much more, indeed. What Sneefus desired was a lodge in some vast wilderness where sight and sound of mankind might never reach him more; and he achieved it for six years.

Truth to say, he had pretty good reason for his misanthropy. His intercourse with humanity began under very trying circumstances, when he was but eleven months old. At that time he was fully half grown and tipped the scales at a hundred and forty-three pounds—facts which make it advisable for me to explain that Sneefus was not of the genus Homo but of a genus shamefully oppressed by our own, never in fact given a fair chance to develop and enjoy its inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. To put it a little more plainly, Sneefus was a pig, an individual of the despised genus *Sus*.

Any good naturalist will tell you, however, that nature originally intended the genus *Sus* for great things—for high evolution an very possibly for the mastery of this peregrine planet. Neither the dog, the horse, the elephant, nor yet any of the carnivora was endowed with so keen wits or a finer brain, if given opportunity to develop.

But somehow, in the mad scramble of primeval races for supremacy, the poor pig lost his chance, sank to a condition of abject slavery and settled to durance vile in filthy sties, to be fed on refuse and inevitably have his throat cut Thanksgiving week.

Worse than slavery, however, worse than bad food and a joyless life in dirty dungeons, worse than death even, were the indignities that drove Sneefus to battle and to flight. For they made a greased pig of him at the county fair, shaved off his bristly white coat with sheep shears and dull razors, covered him with slush, even to his ears, and in spite of his shrieks cut off his beautiful curling tail.

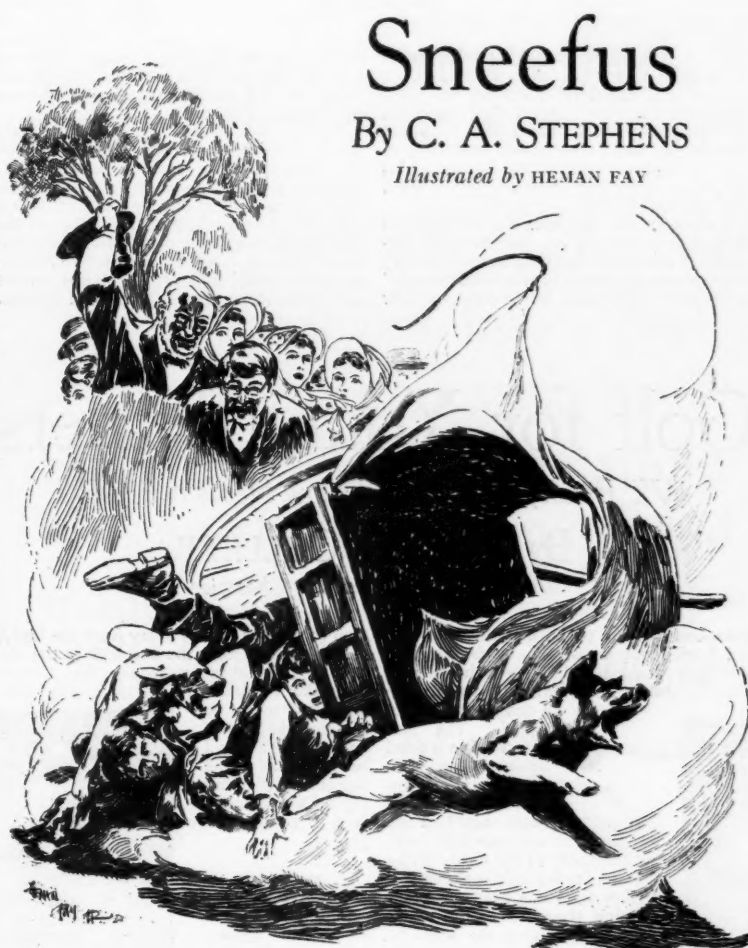
What pig wouldn't have run away?

We young folks from the Old Squire's place were much interested in the pig chase, for it was our pig! The committee had begged him of us.

During the previous spring, Sneefus was easily the finest pig in our litter, the longest-legged, largest and most vigorous; and he was named Sneefus from the pert manner in which he turned his head and wrinkled up his nose.

After a hot scuffle, the committee had captured him under a tarpaulin, hustled him into a crate and then wheeled him to the barn and shut fast all the doors. Sneefus meanwhile was emphasizing his protest to the proceedings, *viva voce*. Five active young men had been required to hold him down on the barn floor, while two others essayed the task of shearing and shaving him. They had been two hours about it; four of them were bitten; and they were obliged finally to muzzle him. All the time, too, Sneefus had made the barn resound with his yells.

Throughout the following night he had languished in a covered cart. Evidently he missed his bristles. Next day, looking very red all over, he had ridden in state to the fair grounds; and, as the appointed hour for the chase drew near, two members of



Then, espying the cart from which he had been ejected, Sneefus dived under it, boys, dogs and pig tumbling over one another amid an uproar of howls, barks, yelps, and now and again a piercing squeal from Sneefus

the committee, using long-handled swabs, anointed him profusely with warm lard from a bucket—a procedure which seemed greatly to astonish Sneefus. He was visibly amazed, too, when, the event having been loudly heralded and all the gates to the race track closed, he found himself suddenly precipitated from the cart to the ground and surrounded on all sides by eager dogs and bare headed, grinning young fellows. For an instant he stared bewildered, then scooted with a wild "woof" of terror—and the fun, if fun it could be called, began.

Sneefus came round the course fairly ahead of every pursuer. Then, espying the cart from which he had been ejected and no doubt feeling the need of refuge, he dived under it; and there among the wheels the first mix-up occurred, boys, dogs and pig tumbling over one another amid an uproar of howls, barks, yelps, and now and again a

piercing squeal from Sneefus as he struggled free from grabbing hands and snapping jaws. Dirt and gravel flew. The cart was upset, pinning two or three of the pursuers beneath it. But Sneefus had broken clean away and started to run again, the bystanders yelling delightedly and shouting, "Good pig! Bully for the pig!"

Off along the track they all followed at speed in a thick cloud of dust. But at length some of the craftier of his human pursuers started to run the other way, in an attempt to intercept him in his flight. Discovering these enemies coming to meet him, Sneefus at first stopped short in fresh terror, then turned back, but, finding himself surrounded and espying a chink in the fence about the track, where a board was off near the ground, he dived for it.

It often has been said that a pig will go through any opening through which he can

push his nose. Sneefus, under full headway with his hundred and forty pounds, carried away two more of the boards and issued among the wagons parked outside.

Distanced for the moment, his pursuers had to scale the fence; and before they could again close in on him Sneefus, going like a streak amidst or under the obstructing vehicles, gained that quarter of the grounds occupied by the side-shows and farker booths which was called the "Midway," always a feature of our county fairs.

Then active pursuers, coming up, nearly captured him there—had him by one leg for several struggling, squealing instants. But Sneefus slipped greasily away from them and, seeing the open flap of the Fat Lady's tent, rushed in—without paying admission. Sad things are alleged to have happened therein. The Fat Lady screamed repeatedly. The tent yawed, shook perilously and nearly collapsed. In fact, the Fat Lady subsequently sued the Agricultural Society and eventually, I believe, recovered damages for grease spots on her yellow satin gown and the loss of a whole stack of her printed descriptive pamphlets.

Here Sneefus escaped by the back side of the tent and, being set upon by indignant fakers with beer bottles and tent poles, butted headlong into the booth of Madame Homer, the Blind Fortune-Teller, who also sued the society later, her complaint stating that a mad hog, followed by a motley mob of crazy, dirty fellows, had pushed through her place, upsetting her table and causing the loss of her precious crystal ball from which she read the Future.

SNEEFUS somehow got out of there and blundered directly into the Anaconda Charmer's tent, which abutted on that of Madame Homer, at the back. But perhaps he smelled the big serpent, for he rushed forth shrieking and with a wild burst of speed took refuge behind the crates of turkeys, geese and other poultry ranged against the high fence of the fair grounds. Here his panting followers believed they had him cornered and closed round him *en masse*. The wildest mix-up of all then followed. Every crate was overturned, for Sneefus dived behind the entire row of them. Twice he was caught by the legs, his desperate squeals rising above the cackle of the disturbed fowls. Here, too, he lost nearly all of his right ear to a bloody-minded mastiff. Yet once again that valiant pig slipped through them all and, emerging unexpectedly from the *mêlée*, dashed clean across the grounds.

So far everything had gone against poor Sneefus. As he now neared the front of the fair grounds, however, his luck turned; the entrance gate opened to admit a gala party arriving in a barge drawn by six horses. Past prancing animals and rattling barge wheels scooted Sneefus to liberty outside the gate before it could be closed against him.

Accounts vary as to where he went next, but apparently he crossed the lawn of a dwelling on the opposite side of the highway and tracks were seen in a vegetable garden in the rear. Beyond was a pine woodland, and a straggling squad of pursuers trailed him there. But among the pines all trace of him was lost; neither boys nor dogs were able to

find him. That was the last seen of Sneefus in this part of the country.

We thought that he would return home, after his first fright wore away, since it is well known that every pig carries a little compass in his head—or what answers for one—that will unerringly direct him to the place of his birth, even when transported to a distance of miles, in a sack or basket.

But Sneefus did not come back. Evidently his fear or his hate for mankind ran deeper than the homing instinct. He seems to have taken to the depths of the forest and as time passed fled farther and farther away.

A railway extends from Montreal through the northern portions of Vermont and New Hampshire and down through Maine to Portland. It was on this line, nearly a year previously, that a stock train, transporting eight or nine carloads of live hogs, was derailed in a woody region near the Maine boundary. Several of the cars were overturned, and the frightened hogs strayed off into the woods. Exasperated trainmen and others, were said to have chased hogs there for days afterwards; but numbers escaped to long distances and were never retaken.

There is pretty good evidence that Sneefus found and joined himself to certain of these fugitives, of which he became leader. From being occasionally shot at, they grew so terrified at the report of firearms—and perchance from having been wounded—that as time passed they ranged farther and farther north into that then unbroken wilderness along the Canadian border.

Eventually they appear to have found sanctuary in the never fully explored tract known to lumbermen and timber cruisers as the Great Bog; a district as large as two or three townships, situated at the headwaters of the West Branch of the Penobscot and the Upper St. John River, to the northwest of Moosehead Lake.

Although conversant with the northern portions of Maine, the writer never visited the Great Bog, and my knowledge of it is derived wholly from what has been told me by my boyhood friend, Willis Murch.

ONE winter Willis had made his camp on the eastern border of the Bog to trap beaver; and so far as he knew there was then no settler's clearing within a hundred miles. He was therefore much astonished one morning—the 21st of November—to hear hogs squealing at no great distance. He had traps to look after that day, for a snow-storm was evidently pending; but later on he became so curious about those hogs that he took his gun and set off in the direction of the sounds he had heard. Soon he stumbled upon something queer: nothing less than an immense heap of dry swamp grass. There was, Willis affirmed, enough of this to make a big load of hay. It lay in a circular pile on the ground, higher than his head and thirty or forty feet in diameter. At first he supposed it to be a stack of hay cut by some person; but while he stood viewing it, wondering who could have done it, he heard rustling noises within. He drew back a little and remained watching for some moments. He now fancied that he could perceive movements inside the heap and thought he heard the heavy breathing of some animal concealed there. He cocked his gun, then, glancing about, found a clod, threw it into the pile and gave a yell.

The effect was magical. The entire mass stirred at once and an instant later disgorged a drove of hogs that streamed away into the swamp, giving vent to wild "woofs" of surprise and terror, while close in their

rear scurried a shrieking mob of little pigs.

There were ten or twelve of the old hogs, one, apparently their leader, being of greater size than the others. This one faced about several times, as if guarding the rear, grunting savagely and casting foam clots from its tusks. Willis noted that it had but one ear

and a mere stump of tail, not more than two inches long, that stood straight up from its rump. Could this wild boar be Sneefus?

Willis's account of that big heap of dry marsh grass in which the hogs were lying up in shelter from the storm at first appeared to border too much on the marvelous. That the hogs had collected it themselves, seemed unlikely; but an acquaintance who made a business of raising hogs in western Kansas informs me that just before a blizzard he has seen a whole drove of hogs working busily for two or three hours,

fetching mouthfuls of dry grass, corn butts and Jimson weed and making a pile of sufficient size for forty hogs to nestle in, completely out of sight!

It was no part of Willis's plan to remain there after deep snows came. He left a week later without seeing anything further of the hogs; and probably we never would have heard more of them but for a French Canadian who subsequently worked at one of the Old Squire's logging camps. This woodsman, whom his mates called Glam Mercier, hailed from the parish of Grandes Coudées, on the Chaudière River, in the Province of Quebec.

Two winters previously he had been—so he told us—of a party of six hunters who had gone from his parish on a hog hunt over the boundary into Maine. They had heard of a band of wild hogs in the Great Bog and went there during the month of December, taking six long, narrow hand-sleds for drawing the pork from the woods, to a point where they had teams waiting to smuggle it.

They finally surprised the hogs rooting beaver lily from the bed of one of the muddy ponds. Ice nearly a foot thick had already formed there; but, owing to the water beneath having been drawn away by beaver hunters, there were wide, open spaces where the ice had not settled down. The hogs had worked their way beneath the ice sheet and were evidently subsisting on the succulent tuber, wrenched up from the now shoal water and mud.

Where the ice had broken down there were cracks and crevasses, and through these the hog hunters were able to fire upon the terrified animals as they attempted to escape still farther under the ice. But the ice ere long broke up about them, and the beleaguered hogs were at last brought to bay; they defended themselves valiantly.

The fiercest battle of all, Glam said, was waged with the leader of the band, a very large hog with only one ear and a bobbed tail—the last to succumb. This hog had "tusches" at least two inches long on each side of its jaws and would have weighed, he thought, five hundred pounds.

We had little doubt that this was our lost Sneefus. He had perished like a patriot hero, defending his clan, but not till he had enjoyed six years of glorious freedom from the ruthless enslavers of his species.

The pork hunters reported that they had caught glimpses of a number of little pigs that escaped too far beneath the sheltering roof of ice to be captured. I have always cherished the hope—whimsical perhaps—that this was so, and that somewhere in the far depths of that northern wilderness, a drove of gallant free descendants of old Sneefus still survives.



Willis noted that it had but one ear and a mere stump of tail. Could this wild boar be Sneefus?

THE troubles of the golfer differ widely from the pitfalls and snares of any other sport in that they are all self-gotten; the wounds are all self-inflicted, the pains all self-bought. In baseball, there stands the pitcher whose only desire is that you do not connect with the ball; even if he makes an error and you get a hit, there are the rest of the nine on their toes to throw you out. In tennis, your opponent has but one objective, and that is to place the ball just where you are not; in football, it is only a repetition of the same story. In golf, everything depends on you alone. How much indeed a fellow needs a friend if he cannot depend on himself!

Let the distress signal be put out when a fellow tries to put too much "steam" into his stroke. Length is not everything—and the desire to acquire length brings out many faults. First of all, there is the fault of *overswinging*. It causes the club to force the fingers of the right hand open, making it difficult for the hands to steer the club. It interferes considerably with balance, and it crumples the left arm at the elbow. These are severe indictments of the overswing.

Hitting into the rough is never intentional, of course. But what would be the use of the heavy mashes and the firm wrists if there were no rough places along the line of march?

Slicing

After the strenuous summer and fall of last year I laid aside my sticks for a period of six weeks. I think I needed a change. One day recently I went

Golf for Young Players

VI. Errors, or When a Fellow Needs a Friend

By GLENNA COLLETT

Women's National Amateur Champion

down-country and took some old balls with me. I tried out my stroke, sending all the balls into Narragansett Bay—each one with a beautiful slice. So I think I am able to give

a description of the trouble. The ball shoots off in a dead straight line from the tee, and as you raise your eyes to gaze at your best shot you are astounded to see your ball curving decidedly to the right, where at last it lands safely in the rough. Rather discouraging!

I find the chief cause of my slicing is allowing my arms to swing too loosely from my body; hence on the downward swing they have to come to the ball from the outside, thus causing the club head to cut across the ball. The best thing to do in that case is to take pains with the right elbow.

The Right Elbow

There is one thing that all good golfers seem to have in common, and that is the use of the elbows. They may have upright swings or flat swings, open stances or closed stances, but they are all alike in the treatment of the elbow. When I take the club head in my hands to address the ball, I allow the arms to hang rather loosely and near the body. Sometimes I have even kept a handkerchief under my right arm to see if I could swing back without allowing it to drop to the ground.

My idea is this: I must not allow the right

arm to wander too far away from the body. If I do, I shall raise the ball high in the air, and all I can think of then is that I must look like a young chicken with wings outstretched ready to fly. How do I try to correct this? I will see to it that at the top of my swing my right elbow is pointing toward the ground.

Topping

I think approach shots are topped most often, but it is particularly depressing to flub a shot from the tee. Just a little thought will help to explain what causes topping. If the club head meets the ball in the center, the ball goes well; if way above the center, the ball will be topped. When I top the ball, I ask myself: have I shortened the arc of my swing, pulled up my head, taken my eye off the ball?

I have noticed that many players, after they have addressed the ball, go through a waggle; and every time they do it they raise up their shoulders, inviting disaster. When I take my stance, I try hard

not to wag my club up and down like a Jack-in-the-box. I find this very helpful; I did not find this out until I had topped many shots and learned how costly the error was.

Topping shots near the green, as I said before, is very common, for the nearer we get to the hole the more anxious we are to see where the ball is going, and so the head is very apt to be raised. "Scooping" shots is also common as we near the green. I think "scooping" is caused by letting the wrists loosen too much. Topping, of course, means hitting the ball too much on top of it, so that it rolls along the ground. Scooping means hitting too much under the ball. As slicing sends the ball to the right, and topping sends it scurrying along the ground, so hooking sends the ball to the left. The chief reason for the hook, I believe, is putting too much right hand into the shot, or *keeping the right hand too far under the club handle*. However, hooking can be guarded against by not allowing the face of the club to point inward when it comes to the ball, or by taking a stance that is more open, or by not allowing the right hand to predominate in the swing at the expense of the left. Punch hard with the right and hit through with the left. Then—no slice, no hook—just a beautiful long drive.

These errors of stroke-making I have taken up in detail. There are other types of errors that I think are quite as important. For instance, it seems wrong to me to practice while playing the game. It can only retard your progress. Also, it seems an error to me to treat the ball as if you had a grudge against it. Neither the ball nor the club does anything of its own accord. They are really willing servants, and gladly obey. The ball goes into the rough, not because it prefers the long grass and the tree stumps, but

because it is sent there. Another error I find myself falling into is picking the club up too soon on the back



Correct Stance—Comfortable
Relaxed position, left elbow
straight and down, body bent
from hips



Incorrect Stance—Uncomfortable
Elbows up and out, left shoulder
raised, finger grip weak, knee
bent, body raised from the ball

swing. I do not know what verb to use to describe the backward movement. Do I drag it back, lever it up, or swing it up? Which-ever one I do may be correct, but to pick it up too quickly with the right hand will make me get a good chop instead of a good hit. I find also that I sometimes have one eye for the ball and the other for the hole. Bad policy. To be sure, I think it is best to have a point at which to take aim, but it must be fixed in the mind, not in one eye.

In one tournament in which I played I found that the braid down my back began to attract my attention. Bobbed hair was all the style, but even at that I kept my long tresses. However, early one morning I arose, fixed the braid carefully and clipped it off with the shears. My mother found rather a ragged head when she appeared, but the braid bothered me no longer. Long ties and ribbons dangling around are of no use and of much detriment. But good shoes, comfortable clothes, help to a striking degree. I do not think being dressed up ever makes for good golf, but being properly dressed is of much importance. You have to feel right, and a girl cannot feel right unless she knows she is looking right.

I always think of West Point in a certain connection. At that academy, the place where the officers for the army of the U. S. are trained, the cadets are brought up to learn that honor governs all things. "I have the honor to report," is the way they have of making any formal statements. This is my attitude toward my favorite game. I have its honor to support. So has each one who enters its fold. An error in count, an error that moves the ball, an error that in any way makes you take improper advantage over your opponent, seen or unseen, is the worst error in the whole game. Who has the honor? Slice, hook, pull, top, flub, dig, even miss one altogether, but *play always on your honor*. It pays in the long run.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Editor's Note: The two photographs which illustrate this article were especially posed for The Youth's Companion by Miss Margaret Curtis, of Manchester, Mass., who won the National Women's Amateur Championship in 1907, 1911 and 1912. Miss Curtis, who, like Mrs. Alexa Stirling Fraser, won the Women's National Championship three times, contributed the time and trouble required to make these photographs perfect, solely because of her desire to help the young players of America. "I naturally would do more than this for the young folks," she writes. "If you think it would encourage, and not discourage, them, you can add that I went into my first National Championship when I was thirteen years old! I didn't win it for ten years, however."



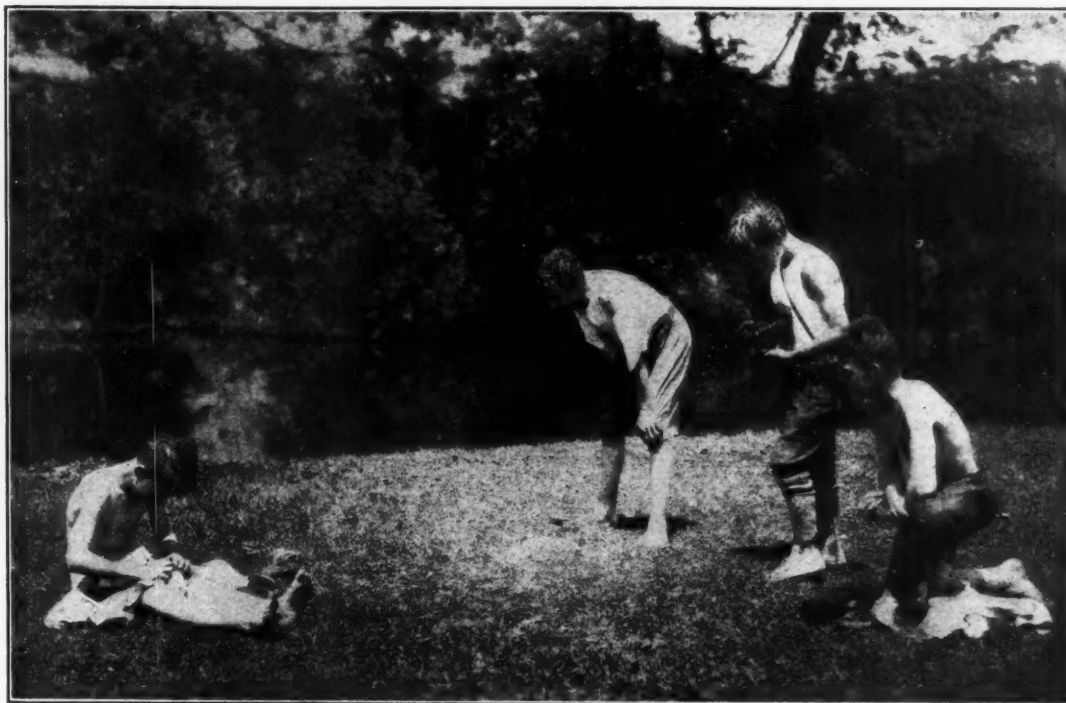
Do You Remember

The Glory of Peggy Harrison

That was the great Companion serial last winter, telling how a girl from a small town ventured to New York City and helped to make its largest store a better place for both its own people and its customers. In response to many requests from Companion subscribers, the authors have just finished another long story for you. It is named

Jack Farrington's Beanstalk

and it tells how a poor boy dared to struggle against great odds for his widowed mother's sake, and how, after a long battle for fame and fortune, he found peace, happiness and useful accomplishment in a most unexpected way and place. If you are interested in a clear, accurate picture of life in a great city nowadays,—and especially if you believe that happiness is best sought elsewhere,—be sure to read the first chapter of "Jack Farrington's Beanstalk" in The Youth's Companion next week.



A Brownie gets the Picture

Ninety-seven knots and just two hands—no wonder everybody laughed but Spence. He had to smile though, when he saw the picture you and your Brownie made.

As a matter of fact, most of the pictures in that album of yours are almost as interesting to the rest of the gang as they are to you.

A Brownie is easy to work—right from the start—and it costs as little as \$2.

Let your dealer show you

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., The Kodak City

TRUTH MEANS MUCH MORE to us when we have discovered it for ourselves. Only then do we become passionately convinced that it is really truth.

Is "CLASS" in TENNIS a more definite and permanent thing than in golf? In twenty years there have been eleven different men golf champions and the same number of women champions. In tennis during the same period six men and seven women have divided the championship honors. Bill Tilden has held his title six years, and Mrs. Mallory held hers seven; but no golf champion has more than four years to his credit.

THE PLACE OF SPORT in life is larger in America than in any other country except possibly England, and every year it reaches out toward greater facilities. What would our forefathers have thought of the programme set forth at the second annual National Conference on Outdoor Recreation! That programme calls for setting aside ten million acres of woodland within the next decade, so that every great city or industrial region shall have its camping and tramping grounds. The plans aim at two and a half million acres in the Great Lakes region, from three to four million in the White Mountains and lower Appalachians, and two and a half million in the pine lands of the South. It sounds ambitious, but what investment is there that promises a more valuable return?

GOVERNMENT JOBS

IT has long been the fashion to decry government employ as a field for ambitious young men. Appointment is usually by political influence; salaries are low; promotion depends more upon "pull" than upon merit; tenure of office is insecure; distinctions of rank breed social distinctions and foster a certain subservience of mind; Washington is full of cheap clerks who will never be anything else. Such are the charges and the arguments that have been and still are used to dissuade the young man from entering the service of the government. How much truth is there in them? Perhaps the best answer is some concrete examples.

A year or so ago a man twenty-six years old, who had begun as a clerk in the civil service, was appointed solicitor for a bureau of the Treasury Department that handles more than two billion dollars a year.

The administrator of the Dawes plan in Europe, one of the most important and responsible financial positions in the world, is thirty-four years old. Before he accepted that place he had risen in the Treasury Department to a position second only to that of the Secretary.

But the Treasury is not the only department where young men have a chance. Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, has kept himself, or tried to keep himself, surrounded by youthful enthusiasts. Many of them have been taken, at handsome salaries, by great commercial interests that appreciate the worth of their knowledge, their training and the fine team-work spirit to which their association with government employ has educated them. One of the happiest men in his work is said to be the employee of the Department of Agriculture who discovered the cause of hog cholera, and how to cure it. He could have commercialized his discovery for millions; he is content with a little more than four thousand dollars a year.

Charles Wallace Collins was a humble employee in the Library of Congress when the government turned to the job of working out a budgeting system. He began to study the subject. Today he is called the world's leading authority on national budgets and is Assistant Controller of the Treasury.

Not half the story can be told in this brief space. The government needs and deserves the best of service. To the beginner, competent or otherwise, it pays in salary, vacations, sick leave and easy hours all that he is worthy; and to those of real ability it opens doors to a generous competency, with honor, self-respect and contentment.

A CLASSIC OF CHILDHOOD

MR. HENRY FORD, who divides his time between revolutionizing our social habits and our industrial methods and preserving affectionately the vanishing relics of the early civilization of New England, has bought the door stones, and whatever else remains of the hill-top school at Sterling, Mass., dear to childish memory as the scene of the Mary's adven-

FACT AND COMMENT



Detroit Publishing Co. Courtesy of Boston Athenaeum
In this room in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, the United States of America came into being just one hundred and fifty years ago. The table at the end of the room is the one on which the Declaration of Independence was signed

TO THE FUTURE CITIZENS OF AMERICA

THE message of The Companion to its young readers, on this one hundred and fiftieth birthday of our nation, is very simple.

First: Be honest. Be honest in your sports, in your studies, in your speech; be honest with your mates, with your teachers, with your parents, and in your judgment of yourselves. Make honesty the foundation stone of your character, the essential quality of your thought.

Second: Train your intelligence. It is the instrument by which the world is governed, by which success is won, and good accomplished. To be honest, though a fool, is much; but to add trained intelligence to honesty is to insure your value to yourself and to the community.

Third: Get knowledge. It is the raw material upon which intelligence works and

which it transforms into new products of material, intellectual and moral benefit to mankind. To be an honest man of trained intelligence is to be surely a useful citizen; but many such a man has missed his highest usefulness because although his mind was keen and his probity undoubted, he has fallen into generous error through lack of broad and exact information.

But if you will get these three things, honesty, a trained intelligence, knowledge, you will be what it should be the highest ambition of every American youth to become, a valuable citizen of this great republic. If enough of you young people become that, our highest national aspiration will be satisfied. "Government of the people, for the people, by the people, shall not perish from the earth."

ture with her pet lamb. He will rebuild the old school at his antiquarian foundation at Sudbury, and there, near neighbor to the Wayside Inn, it will serve to illustrate to posterity the humble settings amid which so much sound and genuine education was dispensed a century ago.

This incident recalls the fact, of which most people are ignorant, that Mary and her lamb were actual beings and not mere creatures of the verse-writer's imagination. The little girl's name was Mary Sawyer; she lived, as we have said, in Sterling, which is not far from Worcester, Mass., and her lamb, no doubt, had a name of its own, though that, so far as we know, has not survived. The woman whose pen has preserved Mary's memory more permanently, as the poets love to say, than bronze or marble could have done, was Mrs. Sarah J. Hale (born Buell). She was a New Hampshire woman, early left a widow with five small children; and she was able to use her literary gifts to support her family and win no small reputation for herself. She was one of the first of woman editors, and for forty years she was on the staff of Godey's Lady's Book, the earliest, and for a generation the most prosperous, woman's magazine. She wrote as many as sixteen books—novels, poetry, essays, biographical compilations and moral works. She was active and industrious in other ways too; she had a hand in founding more than one missionary enterprise and is generally given credit for establishing Thanksgiving as a national holiday. It was at her personal request, we are told, that Abraham Lincoln wrote the first proclamation for the national observance of the day in 1864.

Mrs. Hale had a long and busy life; she was past ninety when she died. She would have been surprised to know that the little verses she wrote about Mary Sawyer and her lamb were to be her chief claim to literary immortality! So much that she wrote had a more pretentious form and was the product of deeper, more mature thought.

But these simple lines had somehow the mysterious antiseptic quality that alone can preserve literary work from decay. Everything else she wrote is forgotten, but Mary and her lamb are among the immortal possessions of the English-speaking race. Do any children, either in England or America, grow up without hearing the story of the lamb's adventurous journey to the little district school, and the pleasant lesson drawn therefrom by the kind teacher? Would any other quotation from the poets, from Chaucer to Vachel Lindsay, be so immediately recognized by so many millions of grown-up men and women? We doubt it.

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

OUR Fourth of July this year will mark another anniversary than that of the birth of the nation through the Declaration of Independence; for fifty years after that, on the Fourth of July, 1826, was born our greatest if not our only writer of real folk songs, Stephen Collins Foster, the composer and author of "The Suwannee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Uncle Ned," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" and other scarcely less popular songs.

The very names touch chords of pleasant memory. Rich, melodious voices of negroes haunt the ear again, and pictures reappear of moonlight nights on the river, and evenings by the camp fire, and groups of college men sitting at twilight on the dormitory steps. It is no small thing to have given so pure a pleasure to three generations of his countrymen, and Stephen Foster deserves his wreath of grateful memory.

And yet, regarded in the usual way, his life was a tragedy. Born in what is now Pittsburgh, Pa., of a Virginia father and a Maryland mother, he had opportunities for a good academic education, but music called him with a too seductive voice. By the time he was seven years old he had taught himself to play the flageolet, and at

sixteen, he composed his first song, "Open the Lattice, Love." From that time on, music was his only passion.

What gave that untutored boy the power so to touch the heart by the breadth and simplicity of the sentiment in his songs that they have lost no shred of their popularity with the years? Perhaps it was some racial heritage from his Celtic ancestry, for his great-grandfather was an Irishman from Londonderry; but the only real answer—and that is no answer at all—is genius, which, in art, is often, if not always, simple. Beside the pert and "snappy" little vocal bungalows that the modern popular song writers are producing, Foster built the simple, homely farmhouse that stands the test of time, and that men love to dwell in.

THIS WORLD

WOMEN IN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

The world suffrage congress at Paris, called by the International Suffrage Alliance, was agitated by the request of the National Woman's Party of the United States to be admitted through its delegates to the Alliance. The Woman's Party, of which Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Miss Alice Paul are conspicuous leaders, is insistent on "industrial equality" for men and women, and it is opposed by many women who are interested in the suffrage, because it advocates, among other things, the repeal of all laws which prescribe hours of labor or working conditions for women different from those of men. After a warm discussion the congress voted not to admit the Woman's Party delegates, whereupon the British representatives of the "six point" suffrage group withdrew from the congress as a protest against this decision.

THE RIFFIANS SURRENDER

With the surrender of Abd-el-Krim, the Riffian chief, to the French army, the long-drawn-out revolt in Morocco comes to an end. The Riffians have prolonged their resistance a good deal longer than anyone supposed they could, but they have had to yield in the end to the superior numbers and military equipment of the French. Abd-el-Krim will probably be obliged to live in exile, for he has proved himself a dangerously capable rebel. There may be some difficulty in deciding how the Riff shall be governed. The region is in the Spanish zone, but Spanish rule has proved so inadequate that the French will very likely want to extend their control over it.

A NEW "KING OF KINGS"

We have become accustomed to seeing thrones overset and royal families in exile, but we have usually seen the fallen monarchs replaced by presidents or dictators or commissars. In Persia the revolution that has lately occurred has merely replaced the former Shah—who called himself the "King of Kings"—by another Shah of humble birth, but much personal capacity. The deposed ruler was, like most Oriental rulers, an indolent and extravagant king, who had by his incapacity lost his hold on his people and on the reins of government. The new Shah, who was formerly known as Riza Khan, but whose present title is Riza Khan Pahlavi, is a brilliant and active-minded man who began by being hardly more than a bandit chieftain, but who has gradually drawn to his support more and more of the Persian nation, until at length he was strong enough to displace the reigning Shah, who was far more at home among the dissipations of Paris than in his own capital.

PHILADELPHIA'S CELEBRATION

The exposition with which Philadelphia is to mark the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of American independence was opened on May 31 with elaborate ceremonies. It will remain open until December. The unsettled condition of European industry and the need of strict economy in so many foreign countries will make the exhibits from other nations less impressive than they were at Chicago in 1893 or at St. Louis in 1904; but the exposition is well worth a visit. The buildings are beautiful, the exhibits, especially those which mark the industrial progress of America, are full of interest, and the city of Philadelphia and the country roundabout are thick with places of the greatest historical and patriotic significance.

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CONSERVATORY LIFE

*A Music Student from Iowa
Writes Home about the Joys of
the Famous New England School*

Dear Mother:

I wish you and father could have been in Jordan Hall with me this afternoon when they competed for the Mason & Hamlin prize. A girl from Michigan won it this year. The prize is a grand pianoforte worth \$1650. Some trophy to walk away with after fifteen minutes' playing!

Those two years I was in college at Oberlin I saw lots of enthusiasm at athletic contests and debates and glee-club concerts; but I never saw girls and young chaps listen to music as they do in this music school. After the judges, who were Mr. Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, and Mme. Olga Samaroff and Ernest Hutcheson, two celebrated pianists, gave their decision for Miss Ruth Culbertson, we all stood around the statue of Beethoven in the entrance hall and talked over the fine points of the playing.

Believe me, I learned some things by sitting through the competition and hearing the comments on it afterwards. It made me glad that I came on to Boston to study music professionally. The start I got in college was fine, and this is the place to go on with my studies. Just as soon as I pass my examinations for the Senior class I am going to get in line, if possible, for the Mason & Hamlin competition of my year.

I think I wrote you what a wonderful performance of the opera "Madama Butterfly" was given by present and past students of this school in the Boston Opera House, on April 25. This being my first year at the Conservatory, I didn't know what to expect when I bought a seat in the second balcony "for the benefit of the Conservatory scholarship fund" and sat in on a real Italian opera. I am sending you some clippings from the Boston papers which will show how well the N. E. C. singers and orchestra did under Mr. Wallace Goodrich's leadership.

My room at the Y. M. C. A. is very comfortable and handy to the music school. I have a chance to meet young fellows studying all



sorts of subjects, but the work at the Conservatory keeps me pretty busy. Also it looks as if I had landed a church-organist job. I played last Sunday as substitute out in Waltham, where one of the Conservatory girls I know is soprano soloist, and the chairman of the music committee has written me to come out and talk over a permanent position. So, you see, that little experience I had with the wheezy old organ in the church at Ravenna comes in handy, just as you and father always said it would. If I have this church job regularly next season, it will be easy, with what I earn in the summer and what I still have in the bank, to see my way through.

I am going to be initiated into one of the Conservatory frats next Monday night. That means a chance to chum with some nice fellows, teachers and students, many of them already well up in the profession. There are three sororities, here, too, and a Conservatory Club of girls. So I find there's quite a bit of social life, though our studies keep us too busy for any dawdling.

I know you'll laugh, but I am becoming quite a "conosher" of pictures down here in Boston. When that art exhibition came to Ravenna you couldn't get father and me to take it seriously; but here I am going every Sunday afternoon to the Boston Art Museum to look at works of art and listen to a lecture on them. Less jazz and more art is one of the things I'm getting out of this place.

One of the fellows I know here is a live wire that used to play in a band in Iowa. He has earned his entire way since he came to Boston, doing church work, playing the organ at a movie house and going out on Chautauqua summers. We can't all be as enterprising as that, but around a big music school a man, or a girl for that matter, who is any kind of go-getter may find some opportunities. That's why, mother, I am glad I quit that other job I had, and came down here to finish my musical education.

Affectionately

RICHARD S—.

Boston, Massachusetts

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This is the title of a new booklet that will interest, inspire and instruct young people interested in business as a career. It also tells something about the specialized training in the Business Administration, Secretarial and other departments of Burdett College. Burdett College offers one- and two-year courses that fit young men and women for positions of the better grade. Send for this free booklet to J. D. Smith, Registrar.

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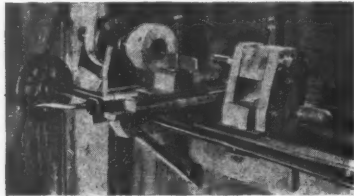
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To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below



31st Weekly \$5 Award

You have heard it said that you can have anything you want, if you just want it badly enough. Do you believe it? Member Ray Vanderhoef (age 14), of Rio, Wis., believed it, and it was so. He wanted a lathe. The price was far beyond him. But he studied lathe construction; saw one part here that he might use in building one of his own, saw another part there; gradually from every type of machine, discarded by some one less patient or less resourceful, found the parts he needed, and before he knew it—he had his lathe. You will see a print of it in this column, made from Member Vanderhoef's excellent photograph. There was no doubt whatever in the mind of the Committee of Award,



when Member Vanderhoef's contribution was received. They consider it one of the outstanding achievements within the Y. C. Lab membership.

With his photographs and dimensioned sketches, Member Vanderhoef submitted a full explanation of his construction process, which well merits unrevised quotation. Here it is:

"The angle iron pieces that made the bed of the lathe and the guides for the tool rest I got from an old Deering Corn Binder. I also got some of the other metal parts and some of the bolts from the same machine. The shaft for the turning head and the two bearings are the spindle and two upper bearings from an old De Laval Cream Separator. These can be found at the shop of any De Laval agent. I cut off the worm gear at the bottom and filed a slot in the collar of the spindle to take the key that holds the pulleys in place.

"The line shaft and bearings came from an old manure spreader. The base of the tool rest I had to buy, because I could not find a piece of metal of the right size. The two screws that drive the sliding tool rest are made from an old pump rod. The large metal wheel that is fastened to the long screw is from an old sewing machine. This has a handle fastened to it so that it can be turned. The other metal parts I picked up at the junk pile and around the farm. I had the rivets and the oak wood on hand.

"For power I am using the gasoline engine from a Maytag Washing Machine. It is between one quarter and one half horse power, and it runs the lathe very well. It was one that had been discarded because the owner did not understand running it, and I was able to buy it for \$1.00. It cost me \$1.25 to put in shape after I had bought it."

That is what we call a record of genuine accomplishment. If Member Vanderhoef hadn't wanted a lathe as badly as he did, he would not have one now. He would still be wishing for it, if wishing were all that he had done. But he took what he had, without bothering over what he could not have, and the result amply justified his pains. Almost every part that went into the lathe came from some piece of farm machinery. Other Members, if they will look about them, will find their own resources just as good.

Membership Coupon

The coupon below will bring you full information regarding Membership in the Y. C. Lab. It is a National Society for Ingenious Boys interested in any phase of electricity, mechanics, radio, engineering, model construction, and the like. Election to Associate Membership makes any boy eligible for the Special, Weekly and Quarterly Awards of the society, entitles him to receive its bulletins and to ask any question concerning mechanical and construction matters in which he is interested, free of charge. The cost of these services to non-members ranges from twenty-five cents to five dollars. To Associates and Members there are no fees or dues of any kind.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name.....

Address.....

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

Notes on Mechanical Drawing

By ARTHUR L. TOWNSEND, Instructor in Mechanical Drawing, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Councilor, Y. C. Lab

(Director's Note: Many applicants and members of the Y. C. Lab spoil their chances of election or award by submitting a project which may be quite satisfactory but which is so poorly presented in sketch form that it cannot be considered. This article is the first of a series by Mr. Townsend designed to help Applicants and Members to a greater success in prosecuting their projects in mechanics.)

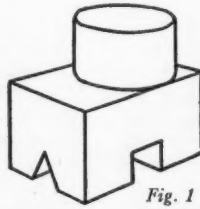


Fig. 1

The most important factor to be considered in the drawing of an object is the selection of the views to be shown. Since the drawing is a pictorial description, it should give the greatest amount of information with the least number of views. The two most common ways of representing an object by drawing are by "perspective projection" and by "orthographic projection." In Fig. 1 an object is shown drawn in perspective. The view represents what is seen of the object from some particular point by the eye or the camera lens. This type of drawing enables one to grasp quickly the appearance of an object. This method is the basis of all artists' work, is used extensively by architects for preliminary designs, and is often used to accompany mechanical drawings and to assist the reader of the drawings to visualize the object.

In Fig. 2 is shown a drawing of the same piece by orthographic projection. By this method of

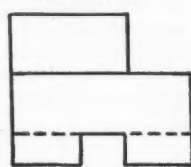
MECHANICAL drawing and technical sketching form the language of the engineer and architect. Ideas, designs and plans are conveyed from one person to another in the industrial world through the use of these two methods. They are the most common form of "graphical language."

As in English speech, which has its rhetoric, grammar and style adopted through usage, so in drawing and sketching there are the primary principles of composition, representation, style and dimensioning. In writing a novel or an essay the author may show much

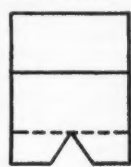
Fig. 2
Top View
or Plan



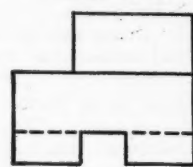
Left Side
Elevation



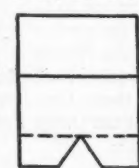
Front
Elevation



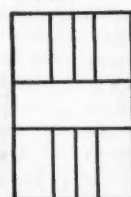
Right Side
Elevation



Back
Elevation



Bottom
View



originality in the selection of his subject and the way in which he writes about it. It is seldom, however, that any writer of note makes glaring errors in rhetoric, or departs from the grammatical customs or usages of the times about which he writes. By the same token a good draftsman may be original in the way in which he represents the machine or building, but he does follow the generally accepted principles of location of views, describing, dimensioning and the many other details so necessary to drawings.

By way of definition, mechanical drawing is the term generally used to include all forms of engineering drawings, shop drawings, architects' and structural engineers' layouts, and similar classes of work in which the sizes of the parts are made to scale and the line work is done by the aid of T-square, triangles, rulers, etc. Technical sketching is the less common form of drawing. It is in a real sense mechanical drawing done freehand and without the use of instruments. This kind of work is used extensively by designers and engineers to make preliminary designs and layouts. The ability to make technical sketches would be of great assistance in filing applications for membership in the Y. C. Lab. It might be mentioned at this time, in view of the many drawings and sketches submitted to the Y. C. Lab, that a good pencil drawing is more effective than a poor one in ink. Do not aspire to the use of the ruling pen until you have mastered the principles and the use of the pencil and other instruments.

bottom do not tell any more about the object than do the three remaining views. Hence in this case the front, right side elevation and top views are all that are necessary. The plan is necessary to show that the top portion of the object is cylindrical.

It is essential that the various views be located in proper space relation to one another and be carefully drawn so that heights, widths and other dimensions may be readily projected from one view to another.

The next article will discuss errors in describing and dimensioning which commonly occur and how to correct and avoid them.

As this Y. C. Lab page goes to press, arrangements have just been completed with Mr. John G. Alden, naval architect, and with the Brooks Boat Company, Saginaw, Mich., for a combination, one-design sailing skiff and outboard motor boat which Y. C. Lab members can secure in knockdown form and build at home. The price of this boat will be far below the usual price asked by most boat-builders. Full announcement will be made on this page soon—if you want particulars at once, write to the Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston.



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab

Proceedings

Of Y. C. Experimental Lab
At Wollaston, Mass.

May 14:

Made some leather flaps for Cinderella. These will protect the gunwale, as it might be called. Made them of the blue Spanish leather, fitted cloth pockets to the back and filled them with lead so the flaps won't flap.

May 15:

Went down to Newport on two errands—one to get Cinderella, who has been spending a week with friends at St. George's School, and the second to get a Buick touring car which a Newport friend was kind enough to give the Y. C. Lab at Wollaston. The Lab looks like a garage now with so many cars around it. The trip home was uneventful except that Cinderella ran dry of gas. Member Vincent Nelson piloted Cinderella.

May 17:

Made some garden birds, wooden ones. These are brightly colored birds cut out of wood, with wings attached and a long stick to hold them in the ground. We made a bluejay and a scarlet tanager. Very lifelike and pretty. Finished lettering the leather flaps. It says on each side: "Cinderella: Youth's Companion Laboratory."



Finished the scooter which will sail on land by means of a mast and sail.

May 18:

Cinderella has had a bad grind in the rear axle; so we took this apart today. No nastier job exists than taking down a rear end; black grease all over everything. The driving pinion and main gear were causing the trouble, which we cured. Put some lettering on two suits of white dungarees which we shall wear in testing out Cinderella on a race track.

HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY
Councilor, Y. C. Lab

The Secretary's Notes

Returns from our tool questionnaire are almost all in. Members were quick in their response to this, and when the cards have been analyzed we shall discover what tools the Y. C. Lab Member most needs and does not have. In the future, a number of Special Awards will take the form of useful tools, but we had to have information from you before we could know how to proceed.

Mr. C. E. Nelson, of the Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn., manufacturers of the good Stanley tools, has just sent us a set of fourteen interesting Stanley Plans for many projects that boys want to make. One plan will be sent free to any Y. C. Lab Applicant, Associate or Member who will write to Mr. Nelson for it. The regular price of the plans is ten cents each, or three for twenty-five cents. There are no other plans quite like them on the market, as they contain complete working drawings, full directions and a list of materials and tools required. In writing to Mr. Nelson, tell him which plan you want, or check it on the list below. Identify yourself as a Y. C. Lab Applicant, Associate or Member, as this offer of one free sample plan is not extended to the general public. The plans are on large sheets, 33 x 18 inches. The list includes:

1. Book Rack
2. Candlestick or Flower Holder
3. Pipe Rack with a Bracket Shelf
4. Flower Box and Fern Stand
5. Table Lamp
6. Toy Automobile
7. Sconce
8. Dinner Gong or Chimes
9. Bird Houses, Shelters and Feeding Box
10. Dog House
11. Book or Magazine Stand
- S70 How to Make a Small Tool Chest
- S71 How to Make a Large Tool Chest
- S72 How to Make a Work Bench

How I Worked My Way To South America

By L. F. SIMS, JR.

LAST spring, after my prep school days were over and College Board examinations ended, I felt as if a real plunge would help square me about for my studies. It seemed that an absolute change of scene and people and work was the way to take it.

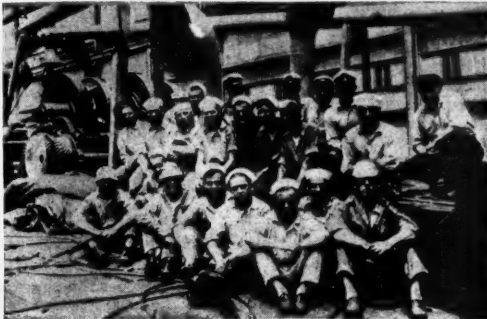
The next thing was how to get a job at eighteen, with no experience and for so short a time. Some one suggested working on a boat to South America. I was fortunate in being able to sign up as ordinary seaman (or O. S.) on the Munson liner American Legion, a 21,000-ton passenger and freight boat.

There were four jobs a boy could get: ordinary seaman, waiter, bell-hop and mess

athletics. For amusements we had boxing every evening and movies three times a week. One of our greatest pleasures was sitting at nightfall in the lee of the solid railing at the bow. There we sang songs, told stories and watched the stars. The North Star sank lower and lower as we went, and the Southern Cross rose in the south, beckoning us on to another world.

When we docked in Buenos Aires after short stops at Santos, Montevideo, and Rio de Janeiro, we painted the hull in three days and earned a holiday. It was fun splashing on the paint and working the staging. I let go my end of the plank one day, and it started for the water. After watching the rope playing out for a couple of seconds, quite petrified, I managed to grab it just in time.

Coming back, we stopped at Santos, Montevideo, and Rio de Janeiro. Santos is picturesque. To reach it we had to pass a romantic old Spanish fort and thread our way several miles up a winding tropical river, quite a feat for a 21,000-ton ship.



Sims' "bunkie-mates": ordinary seamen on the steamer American Legion

boy, O. S. I thought the best: it was most respected, best for health, best paid, and easiest to get. Waiting on table required a little experience; bell-hop didn't, but was hardest to land, as the tips made it popular, yet if there were more boys taken on than were needed there weren't enough tips to go around. The mess boy needed no experience, but his work was all below deck, and his pay was only about half that of the O. S. However, he always received something from the crew when they were paid off in New York.

There are two ways for those not having pull to get a job: either by going to the employment office every day, as our mess boy did, until to get rid of you they give you a job, or by writing a Senator of your state for a letter to the employment agent of the line you want to work for, asking him to give you an interview. Then it is up to you.

I was told to report a week before we sailed to help clean out the holds. We had good meals and separate quarters in the forecabin, but the seaman's work before starting was the dirtiest sort imaginable. We had to put all the truck which had been used in the holds to bolster up the cargo into great nets to be hoisted out and dumped on the wharf. There were tons of sticks and planks and quantities of bamboo soaked with acid to kill germs. The fumes from the acid hurt your eyes and made you perfectly miserable. Eight hours a day of this for six days—but it did increase your self-respect to know you had survived the ordeal. One morning we were working in a forward hold when a careless seaman driving the winch lifted a strongback out of its socket thirty feet above us. The girder, weighing about two tons, fell with a crash within a few feet of me and would have killed some of our gang if an oiler seeing the thing falling hadn't yelled, so that the seamen jumped in time. The only casualty was one broken arm. The lesson was, "Jump at once," and we always did.

On the Fourth of July we sailed past the Statue of Liberty with the band playing, flags flying and a mixture of feelings on the part of the ordinary seamen. After the rigging was stowed and everything made tight, we settled down to routine as follows: wash down the decks, 6 to 8; work at odd jobs, 9 to 12 and 1 to 4. The odd jobs were likely to be strenuous. The usual ones were "suijing" and painting. The former consisted in rubbing acid mixed with water on soiled paint and rubbing it off with clean water. In spite of its simplicity, hour after hour of this unaccustomed labor was not easy, but was wonderful training for future

The Munson liner American Legion, on which Sims worked his way to South America and home again

"Rio," besides having the most beautiful harbor in the world, has an atmosphere all its own.

The financial side of the trip was pretty good. Counting the week I worked before leaving, I earned \$76, and after paying for a seaman's outfit, small gifts for friends in the city, camera films, good times in four ports, etc., I still had \$40. When they paid us during the trip we were only allowed to draw one half of what we had already earned.

The seaman's outfit consisted of:

- 2 pairs of dungaree trousers
- 2 blue shirts
- 1 pair of hip boots
- 1 pair of light roomy working shoes
- 2 pairs of heavy woolen socks

As it is winter in Buenos Aires in July, I took a heavy sweater along, but warm underclothes would have been better.

Any letters of introduction to people at the various ports are of great value and add tremendously to your pleasure. Get them if you can.

Money earned:
One week's work before sailing..... \$9.60
45 days @ \$47.50 a month..... 66.50
76.10

Money spent:
Outfit..... \$12.00
In port..... 20.00
Gifts and films..... 4.10
36.10

Money saved: \$40.00

All in all, a summer of healthful exercise, good food and plenty of it, a wealth of experience, and a glimpse of the national life of three countries, plus \$40 in the pocket, certainly merit the effort to secure a job and carry on.

Editor's note: We shall be glad to consider for publication any article by our readers on how they have made money in their spare time. Be sure to tell how much you have made, and send, if possible, a photograph of yourself performing the work you describe in the article. Of course, if your article is accepted, we pay you at our regular rates.



LESSON NO. 6

This Month We Carve Our National Emblem



HERE we have the Bald Eagle—the national emblem of our country. He seems proud, serious and dignified enough even for that great honor. He is noted for his strength, endurance, and keen-sightedness. Observe his great, heavy wings, large talons and long, hooked beak.

To make him, start by holding your soap in a vertical position and mark the outline of the bird on the back and front with the point of your wooden tool. Cut away to the dotted line. Do the same with the sides.

Then, with your wire tool, shave down to the actual shape of the bird, noting carefully where the different parts come. The base of the neck comes at the upper quarter of your model. In the back, the wings start to overlap at about the center. The thighs and shanks are covered with feathers which make them appear thicker than they really are.

Mark carefully to get the general shape of the bird. Then, as the last step, put in the



YOUR TOOLS:
Pen knife or paring knife; 1 orange stick with blade and pointed ends (wooden tool A); 1 orange stick with hairpin bent square, as shown (B) tied to the end of the stick and filed sharp (C & D wire tool).

Your Material: A cake of Ivory Soap—the laundry size, preferably.

DON'T FORGET: Save all your chips and shavings for your mother. She can use them in the kitchen, laundry or bathroom.

markings for the eyes, beak and wings with the pointed end of your wooden tool.



AND REMEMBER—These hot sticky days, nothing feels as fine as a good Ivory scrub. It leaves you clean and cool. Don't miss the fun of an Ivory bath every day.

Ivory's a good friend at camp, too. It is easy to get clean even with that cold spring water when you have the wonderful, foamy Ivory lather to help you. And if you ever go in for that old camp trick of taking a cake of soap along in swimming, take Ivory—it floats! Be sure your kit carries a good supply of Ivory Soap. PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % Pure—It Floats!

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SIDEWALK BIKES
Boys and girls from 5 to 10 are crazy for these new midgeet **Bangers** with coaster brake. Safety and speed on sidewalk and playground. **Velocipedes** for children 2 to 8. Ball bearing, three wheelers that never wear out. Write today for **Factory-to-Dealer** prices and catalog.
HEAD CYCLE CO.
Dept. P.C. 51 Chicago

WHY NOT spend Spring, Summer and insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for museums and collections. Some worth \$1 to \$7 each. I want serious minded boys in every section to gather specimens for me. Work is simple, instructive and interesting, but requires some study. My instructions give methods of attracting, capturing, painlessly killing, preparing, mailing. 100 descriptions, 50 illustrations, and large price list showing prices I pay for 750 kinds. The small cost will be refunded after we do business, even if only \$6 worth. Send 10c (not stamps) for my prospectus before sending any specimens. **MR. SINGLAI**, Dealer in Insects. Dept. 71, Box 1424, San Diego, Calif.

THE HAYES METHOD FOR ASTHMA AND HAY-FEVER

The Recognized Standard of Successful Treatment
For particulars of the Hayes Method which is administered in your own home without interrupting your daily work or duties, address **F. HAROLD HAYES, M.D.**, Buffalo, N. Y., asking for Bulletin Y-251. Special attention to children.

SHOMONT WHITE COLLIES
Thoroughbred—The "Aces" of All Dog Shows. The most beautiful dogs in the world. Bred, owned, trained, faithful. They guard your home, watch your herds, play with your kiddies. Write for special lists. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Shomont Kennels**, Box 140, Monticello, Iowa.

1000 Pairs Wonder Weave SILK STOCKINGS
To Be Given Away

GIRLS—Here's Your Chance. Wouldn't you like to win a beautiful new pair of silk stockings in one of the latest shades? Here they are—the Wonder Weave, lustrous and long-wearing, combining pure thread silk with an added thread of imported rayon to increase the resistance to wear. The Wonder Weave is the most durable silk stocking made. It is guaranteed against drop-stitches. Should these occur, stockings will be replaced free of charge.

All the New Shades
We offer you a choice of the following new shades: Black, White, Gun Metal, Pearl Grey, Beige, Nude (Light Tan), Belgique (Flesh), and Rose Grey (Medium). These stockings are full fashioned with lace tops and feet for extra service. We can supply any size from 8 1/2 to 10 1/2.

Yours For a Few Minutes' Spare-Time Work
We'll send you a pair of these famous Wonder Weave Silk Stockings, your choice of color and size, for only one new yearly subscription to The Youth's Companion and 50 cents extra; or, for two new subscriptions without extra money. Or, the Stockings will be sold for \$1.65 a pair postpaid.

The Youth's Companion 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Hazel Grey:

At present I have only one bought dress in my "collection"—which is a sports dress costing the magnificent sum of \$1. I got it at a sale. It is cotton jersey—of good quality and well made. The trouble was that the front and back of the blouse were made of different pieces of material. The back was one shade darker than the front or skirt. But this was overcome by dyeing the whole costume.

I am a junior at one of the largest Eastern universities. When one goes to college one simply has to dress nicely, and this is quite a problem when you can't afford many dresses; so I am going to tell you how I made a few of my dresses, and if you think them suitable you can tell about them, and perhaps it will help out some other girls in a similar position.

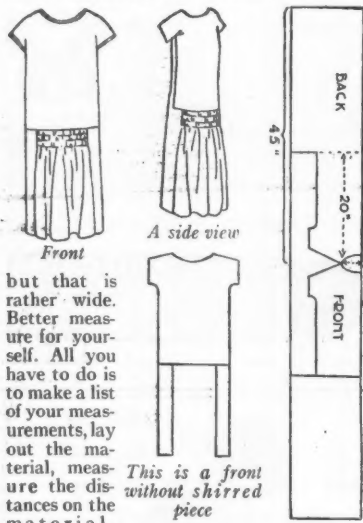
One of my favorites is this:
I picked up two and one-half yards of printed crepe, brown with blue stripes forming blocks. It was only \$1.59. It is cotton one way, and silk the other, I think.

I have included my measurements, but the dress can be cut out for anyone.

Measure:

1. Length of dress.
2. From shoulder seam to hips or position gathers are desired.
3. From neck of dress to wherever you want your sleeve to stop.
4. Bust and hip measure.
5. Width of sleeve.

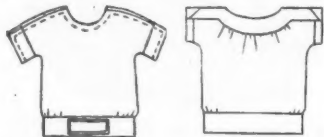
Allow about one inch for shoulder slope. I made the neck eight inches wide all together,



but that is rather wide. Better measure for yourself. All you have to do is to make a list of your measurements, lay out the material, measure the distances on the material, mark them and cut.

You sew up all side seams and the shoulder seams. Then bring the pieces from the back around and sew on the front. Then shirr the width that was cut below the front and sew in.

If your material is thirty-six inches, you can do it as indicated. If wider, you will probably have to start the shirring on the back pieces. My material did not show seams. The neck and sleeves were bound with the extra material.



Here are two blouses each of which I made from 40-inch material. The one at the left is of voile trimmed with cord silk and cross stitching—the other is made of white flaxon.
ETHEL BOWERS—Pennsylvania.



Announcing a Fashion Fête for You All!

HERE is the contest that so many of you have been suggesting and asking and pleading for! I can hardly wait to see all the things that you've made for yourselves or will make for the Fashion Fête. Are you an original genius and a fashion expert when it comes to creating your own clothes? Or do you wish you were? Are you clever at copying good ideas—making something out of almost nothing when you simply must have a new dress and your pocketbook registers absolute zero? Or are you one of the nimble-fingered who can create a professional effect with the help of an attractive pattern? Whichever you are, this is your chance to match your ability and ideas with the ability and ideas of others—to win a prize for your simplest work if it comes up to the requirements, to pass on to hundreds of other girls the success that you are having with your own clothes.

Ever since fashions started in The Youth's Companion I've been almost swamped with letters from you, all telling me that you like them—and asking me to help you decide on colors and styles that would be especially good for your own type. Now that up-to-dateness and style depend so largely on choice of individual clothes,—and clothes are at their best a lovely, harmonious background for personality,—we are quite wise and not a bit vain in trying hard to analyze ourselves—and it is hard, isn't it? But it's consoling, too, to realize that, if you are inclined to be athletic and tanned, you'll never have to suffer on the sidelines just because you can't have a shell-pink chiffon dress and look as dainty and fluffy as Maryanna Brown did at that last school party.

If you've been wise and have studied yourself, you'll know just what material and color to get and just how to make it so that you'll look your most attractive best, too. The way to succeed is to experiment—color theories are nice, helpful guide posts, but should never be blindly accepted.

Test a color by holding it up in front of you by several different lights and giving it a searching glance in the mirror—a full-length one if possible. Try your skirt length



Drawing by Teresa Kilham

Do you remember the visit that Suzanne made Adelaide February 22d? Here is a sketch that Teresa Kilham made of them at tea. I thought you'd like to see it because Adelaide is wearing the dress that she made all by herself with a pattern. May it encourage all of you to try in the contest—those of you who make your clothes now and those of you who want to!

at several different lengths to determine which one looks the most graceful. Watch the effect on your face and neck of first a V-neck and then a round one, and try the difference between puffy sleeves, short sleeves and fitted ones.

To enter the contest fill out the little form at the bottom of this page and let me send you some hints that well-known experts in the field of fashion and design have prepared to help you. Perhaps you have already made yourself a dress that you will want to enter—perhaps this will help to save you from mistakes that you might otherwise have made. In either case, let's all join forces and start on a quest for charm and style and originality in The Youth's Companion Fashion Fête!

Contest Conditions

Age Limit: Junior Division—Ages 11–15 inclusive.

Senior Division—Ages 16–21 inclusive.

Time Limit: Any entries bearing a mailing date after 12 P.M. on August 31, 1926, cannot be considered.

Each contestant is limited to one entry.

Under no circumstances mail a dress to The Companion until you are asked to.

Photographs, Sketches and Diagrams: Please send a clear picture—a snapshot will do—of yourself wearing the dress you are entering in the contest. Also make a clear, accurate sketch or diagram of how you made your dress. Be sure that your name, age and address are on both of these. And if you want me to return them to you afterward, please don't forget to inclose a self-ad-

dressed stamped envelope that fits your picture and sketch or diagram.

Now for a word of explanation about this very businesslike-looking little blank, which should come back to me with your picture and sketch or diagram. I'm asking you not to send any dresses unless you are asked to toward the end of the contest, because I haven't a speck of spare room to care for them! I hate to be limited to a picture and a sketch, but it seems to be the next best way. Then, too, you may want to enter a dress that you are wearing, and you wouldn't want to have it spend a long time in Boston while it waited for the last meeting of the Judges.

I am also asking you not to write about anything else at the same time that you send in material for the contest. One thing at a time!

To fill out and send with your snapshot and diagram.

(Please PRINT clearly and write with pencil)

Name Age

Address

Your Type Analysis

Height.....Weight.....Coloring: Hair.....Skin.....Eyes.....

Measurements: Shoulders.....Bust.....Waist.....Hips.....Arm Length.....

Which are You? Average-normal?.....Tall and slender?.....Tall and stout?.....

Short and slender?.....Short and stout?.....

1. Please check method you used: I used my own original design.

..... I copied my entry from

..... I made my entry from a pattern

2. Kind of material used Amount: Length.....Width.....Color.....

3. Trimmings used "Findings" used Material.....Total Cost.....

4. Cost of pattern (if used) Trimmings.....Findings.....Material.....Total Cost.....

5. Did you make your dress alone or with help?

6. Can you send your entry for the final meeting of the Judges and for the exhibition at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston if you are asked to?..... (Those sent will be returned at once when the exhibition is over.)

To enter The Youth's Companion Fashion Fête, fill this out and send it to me with a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Dear Hazel Grey: I am planning to enter something I have made to compete for a prize in the Fashion Fête. Please send me an entry certificate and your hints on colors and styles suited to individual types.

Name Age

Address

(Please print clearly and write with pencil)

Prizes!

Eighteen first prizes are being offered in The Youth's Companion Fashion Fête. These will be awarded

- (1) For the best silk dress
- (2) For the best woolen dress
- (3) For the best cotton dress

in each one of the following three classes:
Class A—Dresses made from original designs
Class B—Dresses made by copy
Class C—Dresses made with patterns.

In the Senior Division there will be nine prizes—\$20.00 each.

In the Junior Division there will be nine prizes—\$10.00 each.

Additional Prizes

Here is some thrilling news that reached us just at the last minute before this page went to press! The New Home Sewing Machine Company, old friends of The Youth's Companion, heard about the coming Fashion Fête and wrote to say that they would offer two of their most beautiful new cabinet sewing-machines as additional prizes. These will be marked with an engraved name plate for their lucky winners.

They will be awarded for the most outstanding entries of all,—regardless of class or material,—one in the Senior Division and one in the Junior Division.

The Judges are reserving the right to withhold a first prize in any class if there is no entry which seems to deserve it.

To Introduce Our Judges

Miss Margia Haugh is the Head of Sewing in the Household Economics Department of Simmons College.

Miss Ethel Rogers Browne is the Director of the Handwork Shop at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

Miss Frances O'Gorman is a member of the Clothing Information Bureau at Filene's, and she helps Betty and Suzanne choose their ready-made clothes or pick out things that they wear for the fashion pictures as "helpful hints" for all of you.

They are going to judge your work for all points except construction, since they cannot ask you all to send in your entries. The most important things to remember are:

1. Suitability to wearer of design, color, material and style chosen.
2. Neatness and accuracy of descriptive material and clearness of photograph (snapshot) submitted by contestant.
3. Cost of the dress.

(An expensive dress will not win over an inexpensive dress because of that fact. The cost will be judged only by the relation of the amount spent to the results obtained.)

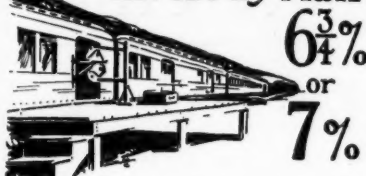
The winning designs will be published in The Youth's Companion and exhibited at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, in the center of Boston, where girls who live near by and girls from all over the country who are studying there will be invited to see and study them for the points which made them winners in the Fête.

The Fashion Fête aims to help you all to a better understanding of the application of design and color theories to even the most simple and inexpensive dresses. The loveliest Paris creations—those that influence the fashions of the world—do so only because they are planned and made by men and women who understand and apply a knowledge of color and design to the practical designing and making of clothes. The designs are original because they use lines in new ways—creating effects and silhouettes that are different. Sometimes they are based on a study of ancient costumes, tapestries and decoration—sometimes they are pure inspiration on the part of the designer. Perhaps you can plan a dress that is original and also especially becoming to you and your type alone, because you have studied your needs and then made a new combination of lines. Or you may see in clothes that are already being pictured, or worn, suggestions that you can copy. Or you may have a knack and a knowledge that guide you in choosing patterns that are "right" for you. Whichever you do, you stand an equal chance to win a prize.

Hazel Grey.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street Boston

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A Call to Christian Fathers and Mothers

Customer — Have you got a copy of "Untrue Revelations" or "Insulting Stories"?
Drug Clerk — No, Miss, but we have something just as bad.

This extract from the "funny" columns will provoke many a smile, and yet it reminds us of a situation that is anything but humorous. The circulation of *trashy* story magazines now runs into millions of copies every month. Beyond all shadow of a doubt this flood of reading sewage is undermining the morality of our young people, increasing crime and making a jest of the sacred ideals of honor, virtue, marriage and life itself. Isn't it about time for the Christian people of our land to do something to combat the polluting power of prostituted printing? Unless the forty million church members of this country are going to stand by the religious press in this fight for decency, this fight for the home, where then shall it look for subscriptions and support?

Christian Herald is read and loved in nearly a quarter million homes because it fills a real NEED in family life. Dr. Cadman's Radio Address, each week, and the inspiring sermons, editorials and stories should find a place in every Christian home.

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YOUTH'S COMPANION

Club Dept. C Boston, Mass.

Learn something new today — through the advertising columns of this issue. In answering advertisements please quote The Youth's Companion.

FOR CHILDREN

THE BABY

By Minna Irving

Lucretia Elizabeth Geraldine Jones,
I'm going to put you away
In your purple silk dress with your necklace of beads
And your hat with its ribbons so gay.
I talk and I talk to you sometimes for hours
And tell you my lessons and all,
And you never reply, but sit stiffly and stare
Ahead of you right at the wall.

You are only a make-believe baby of wax;
You can't dimple and gurgle and coo
When I dangle my locket in front of your face,
As a real live baby can do.
So stay on the shelf all alone by yourself
With the old clothes that nobody wears;
I don't have to play with a doll any more;
There's a lovely new baby upstairs.



THE FOURTH-OF-JULY TREE

By Alice Norris-Lewis

IT WASN'T because Daisy and Dana didn't like the country. They did. But in the city on the Fourth of July there was so much going on! There was the big parade in the morning, Punch-and-Judy show in the afternoon; and in the evening mother and father let them stay up very late and see the fireworks in the park.

But mother and father couldn't put off the trip until after the Fourth on account of father's business and so two rather disappointed children awoke on Fourth of July morning in camp among the mountains.

"If we could only hear one firecracker," mourned Dana. "Just one! But it's so still! I like the still almost always, but not on the Fourth of July."

"Anyway, we're going to have some sparklers tonight," said Daisy.

"But the parade," reminded Dana.

"Let's have a parade ourselves," said Daisy. "We'll pretend we are a long procession and march round and round the camp. You get the fish pan for a drum, and I'll blow a comb for music."

"Poor children!" said mother to father. "They are so disappointed. But the lunch is ready, and if you'll bring round the auto we shall start."

She went to the door and called, "Daisy! Dana! Come! We're going on a picnic."

The children loved a picnic under the trees in the woods, and soon they were speeding over the mountain road.

While mother was getting lunch and the coffee was boiling merrily on the camp stove, father disappeared and was gone a long time. Daisy grew really anxious, fearing that he had forgotten dinner or lost his way, but mother said she thought he would be back in time; and after all he was.

As he passed Dana a sandwich he asked, "Did you ever see a Fourth-of-July tree?"

"Why, no. Is it like a Christmas tree?"

"In some ways it is, and in other ways it isn't," was father's queer answer.



"No Santa Claus, but an Uncle Sam!"

"Finish your lunch, and we'll go find the Fourth-of-July tree," promised mother.

The children lost their appetites, they were so excited, and could hardly wait to start off with mother into the deep woods. Father had disappeared again, very mysteriously.

"Keep your eyes open," advised mother. "It's not far away. You may hear it before you see it."

"Does it talk?" demanded Daisy. "I never knew a tree could talk."

They went along quietly after that with their eyes and ears wide open.

They came suddenly upon a little clearing, and growing straight and tall was the Fourth-of-July tree. To the end of each branch was tied a tiny American flag. On the tiptopst bough was a big flag. The tiny flags fluttered in the breeze, and the big flag blew proudly out. And, too, when the wind blew, several little cow-bells that were hidden in the branches tinkled noisily, while a half-dozen big balloons tugged impatiently at their strings and tried to fly loose from the Fourth-of-July tree up into the air.

There were mysterious bundles on the tree, too, and while the children wondered what was in them a very tall Uncle Sam appeared near the tree, bowed politely and told them that, if they would be seated, he would now distribute the gifts to those whose names were written upon the bundles.

"Daddy! Daddy!" cried Daisy. "Oh, what a nice Uncle Sam you make. But I never dreamed you were so tall before."

Everything in the bundles was a noise-maker; a drum, squeaking balloons, watchmen's rattles—the children had never dreamed there were so many things to make a racket with.

"Make all the noise you want," said father—that is, Uncle Sam. "Fourth of July isn't Fourth of July without noise."

And they did!



with a Kent Racket. Smashing drives and accurate returns, baffling chops, clean placements, swift back hand strokes — you'll find a Kent Racket at your sporting goods dealers that will enable you to play your game at top speed.

Ask for Kent's LENOX Racket. It has a stout full beveled frame of selected white ash, low cut white holly throat, reinforced inside with white ash, outside with rawhide; shoulders wound with enameled line, basswood handle, strung with Oriental gut.

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Don't envy other boys and girls who have musical instruments and can play them. Play your own Banjo-Uke, a combination of the plaintive Hawaiian Ukulele and the American Banjo, and you will be one of the chosen few who are always in demand for house parties, picnics, camps—everywhere a jolly crowd is gathered.

No Musical Ability Required

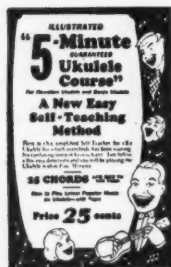
And just think! You can own a Banjo-Uke for a few minutes' work for The Youth's Companion. Not only own it but play it. It makes no difference if you have never had a music lesson in your life. Our free course of instruction will teach you to play simple accompaniments in five minutes.

Play Old and New Favorites

This wonderful instrument was popularized by the Prince of Wales, and now everybody is playing it. Its harmonious tones blend with the human voice, and you can get real melody from it as well as freakish and jazzy chords. A special feature is the waterproof head. You can play it outdoors without fear of damage from moisture. Get your Banjo-Uke today, and try all the old favorites and the new popular pieces.



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You Can Learn to Play in Five Minutes

The free instruction course which is included with the Banjo-Uke will teach you to play whether you are musical or not. It shows you first how to tune the instrument, how to place your fingers for three fundamental chords, and then how to play the chords with several of the simpler songs. After you have mastered these, it teaches other chords and other songs. Before you realize it, you will be playing any song you hear.

Yours For Only One New Subscription and 50 cents extra

Yes, it's really true. We'll send you the Hawaiian Banjo-Uke with Five Minute Instruction Course complete for only one new yearly subscription to The Youth's Companion and 50 cents extra; or for two new subscriptions without extra money. Start out today, so that we may send you your Banjo-Uke before another week goes by. Or, the Banjo-Uke and Instruction Book will be sold for \$1.75 postpaid.



The Companion Air Rifle

For the Young Sharpshooter

Come on, boys, take a shot! How many times can you hit the bull's eye? It's not easy, but a little practice each day with a Companion Air Rifle will bring surprising results. It's great fun, and think how proud you'll be as your target score leaps up. Before you know it you will be the crack shot of the whole gang.

The Companion Air Rifle is just the thing for the Young Sharpshooter. Millions of men now crack shots on the target range and the hunting field first learned to shoot with an air rifle. Get busy now and earn this fine Rifle—steel barrel and carefully adjusted sights. Five practice targets included.

Free for a Few Minutes' Work

Secure one new subscription for The Youth's Companion and send it to us with the subscription money, \$2.00, and we will present you with a Companion Air Rifle and five Practice Targets. Or, the Rifle will be sold for \$1.00 postpaid.



*Trains
Hand
, and Eye*

The Biff-Bag



The Biff-Bag will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 30 cents extra. Or, the Biff-Bag will be sold for \$1.50 postpaid.

Learn the fascinating sport of Biffing the Biff-Bag. It keeps boys and girls of all ages strong and happy; quickens the eye, strengthens the muscles, increases the chest expansion, and develops the body gracefully. The Biff-Bag comes complete with screws and cords, and can be set up in a few seconds. Bill Hodge of Chicago ran up a record of 1000 double punches in fifteen minutes. What can you do?

Achromatic Field Glass



The Field Glass will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$3.25 extra. Or, the Glass will be sold for \$6.50 postpaid.

This is an imported glass fitted with achromatic lenses affording clear definition and large, well-lighted field of view. Adapted for Boy or Girl Scouts, bird study and for general outdoor use. The body is covered with black morocco leather. Length of glass closed 3 1/2 inches and 4 1/2 inches when extended. Carrying case with shoulder straps included.

Infielder's Glove

The Glove will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 50 cents extra. Or, the Glove will be sold for \$2.00 postpaid.



The Infielder's Glove is made of tan leather and is padded in such a manner as to make it soft and pliable. It has welted seams, leather palm, and laced heel. This glove is a popular number of the famous D & M Lucky Dog line.



Boy Scout Knife

The Knife will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. Or, the Knife will be sold for \$1.50 postpaid.

This is a combination Jackknife, Screw Driver, Leather Punch, Can Opener, Tack Lifter, Cap Lifter. Has best English crucible steel blades, patent staghorn handle, nickel-silver bolsters, name plate and shackle, and is brass lined. The uses to which this handy Knife may be put are legion. It really combines five useful tools and a jackknife all in one.

Eastman Hawkeye Camera

The Camera will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 40 cents extra. Or, the Camera will be sold for \$1.50 postpaid.

Anyone can operate this camera without previous experience. Merely point the camera, press lever and picture is taken. No focusing or estimating of distances. The Hawkeye has a carefully tested lens, and reliable shutter always ready for snapshots. It is Eastman-made. Uses six-exposure roll film (No. 120). Makes pictures 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches in size. Complete instructions included.



Makes
Pictures 2 1/4 x 3 1/4

White Gold Wrist Watch with Silk Bracelet

The Watch will be given to any Companion subscriber for 5 new yearly subscriptions and \$2.60 extra. Or, the Watch will be sold for \$8.00 postpaid.

Six-jewel, lever movement watch. Gives both the joy of a reliable time keeper and the pleasure of a beautiful piece of jewelry. Equally desirable for child, school girls or woman at home or in business. Case is 10k white gold filled, new tonneau shape, engraved with fancy design. Stem is set with blue stone. Bracelet of black silk grosgrain ribbon with clasps to match watch. Comes in attractive blue plush-lined box.



Address all orders to Premium Department

The Youth's Companion · 8 Arlington Street · Boston, Mass.